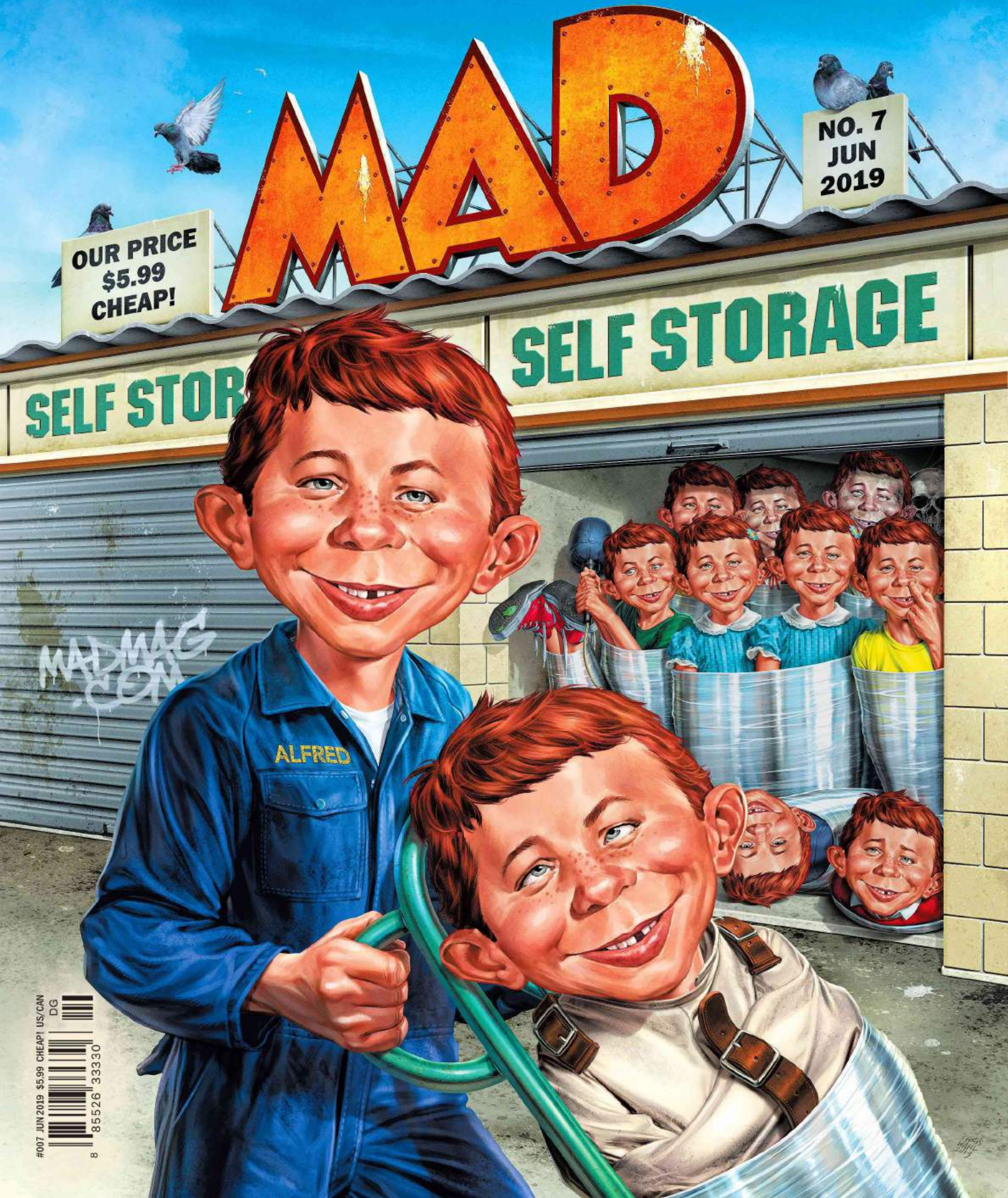


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MAD

NO. 7 JUNE 2019

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THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

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INSIDE BACK COVER A Controversial Fold-In by Al Jaffee

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER IDEA Lars Kenseth **COVER ARTIST** Chris Wahl

MITCH O'CONNELL
mitchoconnell.com

CONTENTS



Captain America got his superpowers by volunteering to test a super-soldier serum so he could fight Nazis. Superman got his powers from the effect of the Earth's sun on his alien anatomy. As for this hero? Er, well... um...he got his powers from his mom hooking up with a sailor. That's...

AWKWA

Our son has the strength of a whale, the fury of a shark, and the brains of a jellyfish! The other day he asked how to spell "H₂O!"

I fled my arranged royal wedding in Wetlantis to shack up with this relatively short glass of water, and I don't regret it! Eloping is so much cheaper!

I have to ask myself which is crueler: the sea or the land? I say **Hollywood!** In real life, I'm only six years older than the actor who plays my other son!

Behold, a DC hero who enjoys himself once in a while! That's why I've got my own billion-dollar franchise, despite seeming like I'm no higher than middle of the card at WWE Hell in a Cell!

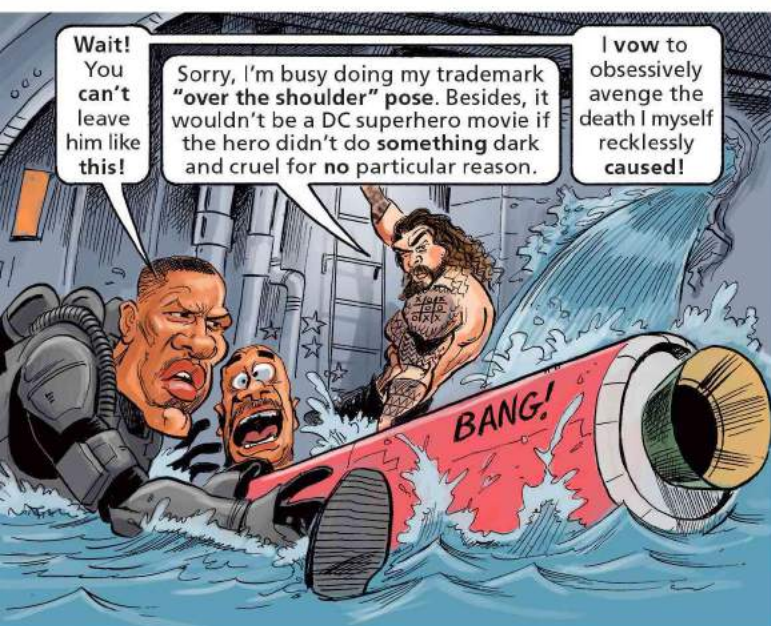
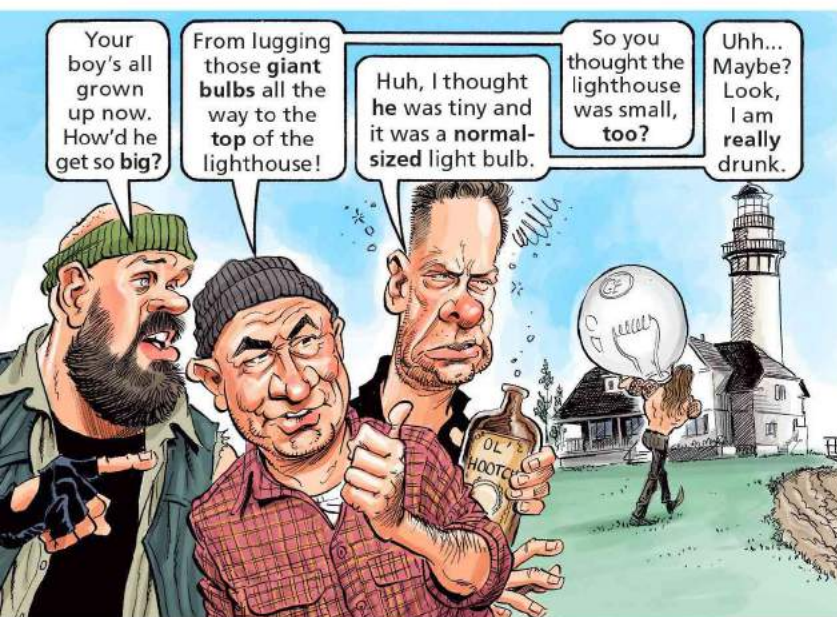
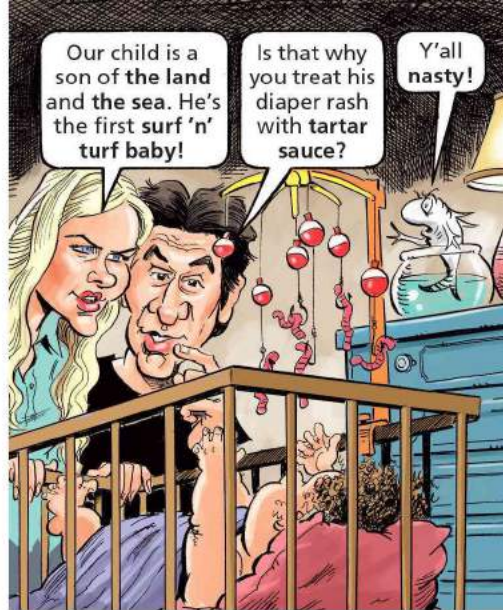
My tattoos are a bitchin' update on the traditional tribal fish scale, so you won't mistake me for Khal Drogo. Or Adam Levine!

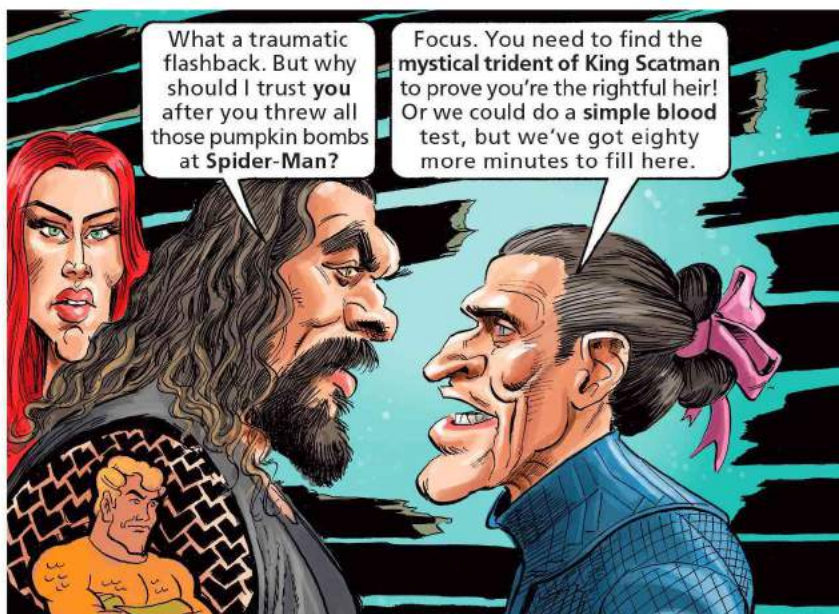
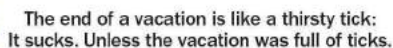


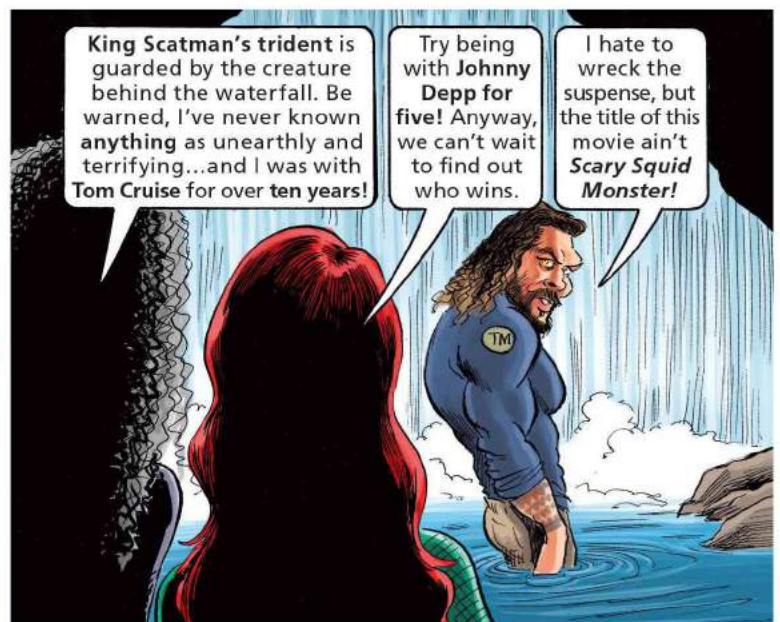
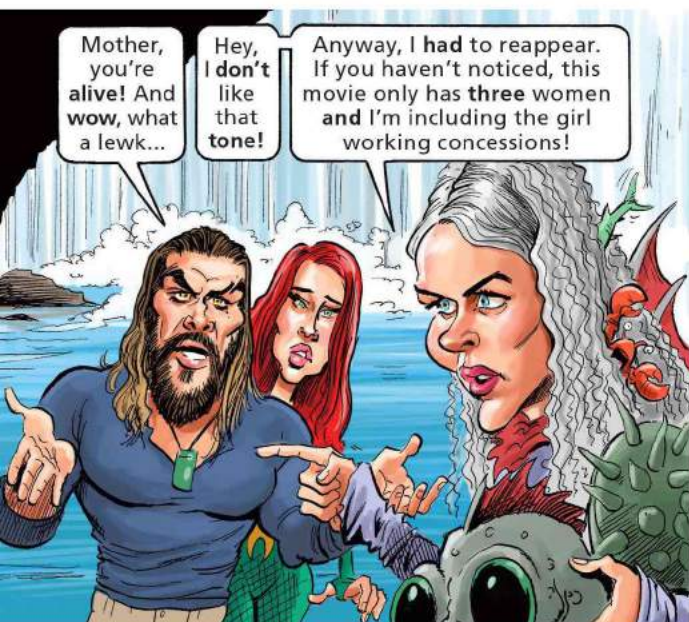
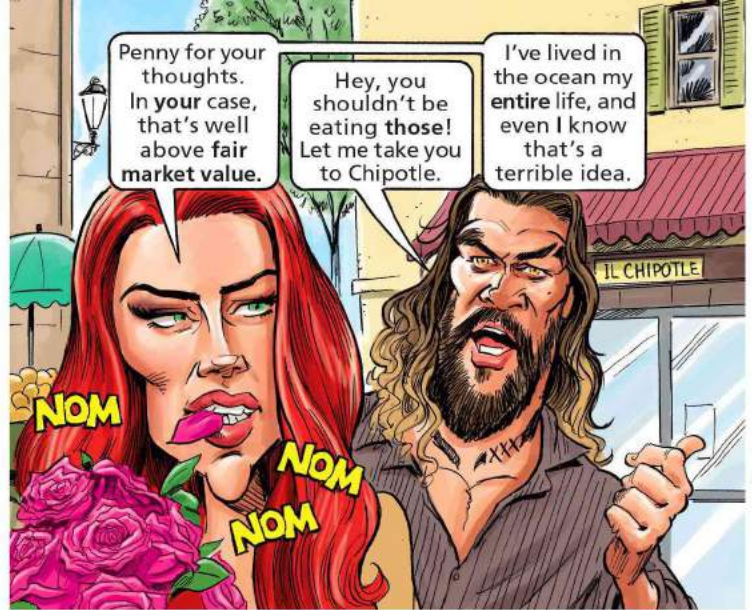
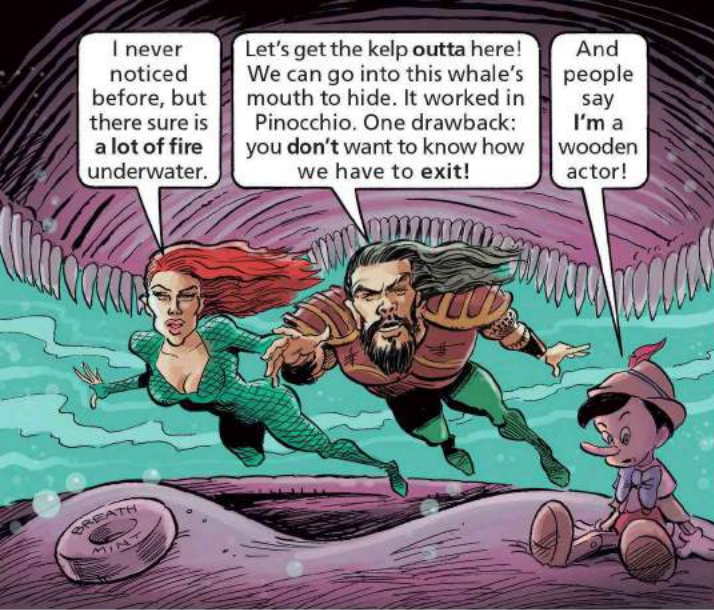
Awkwardman thinks he's the ultimate badass, but I can control liquid with my mind! Check it out, I can push these stupid turtles around wherever I want!

Meanwhile, his big power is telepathically communicating with fish. Can you imagine how boring that would be? Those poor fish!

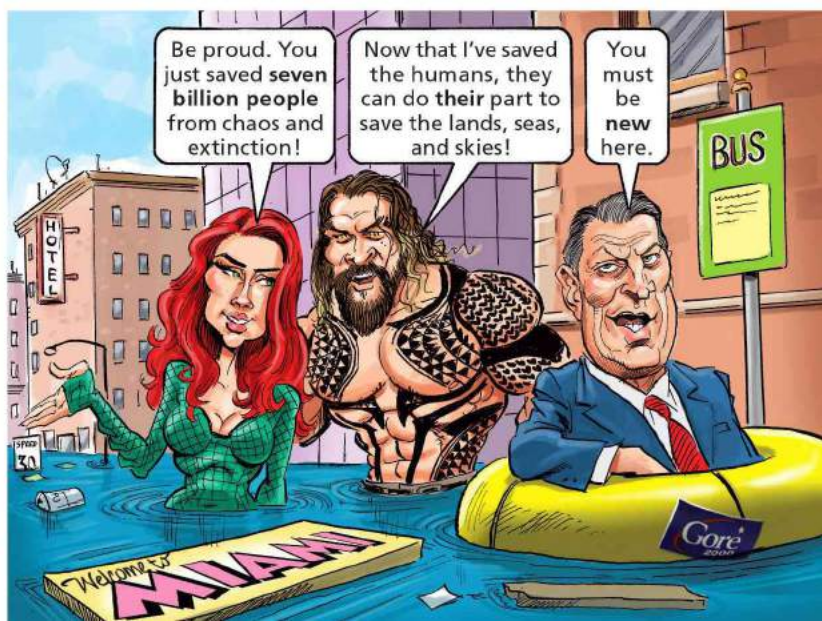
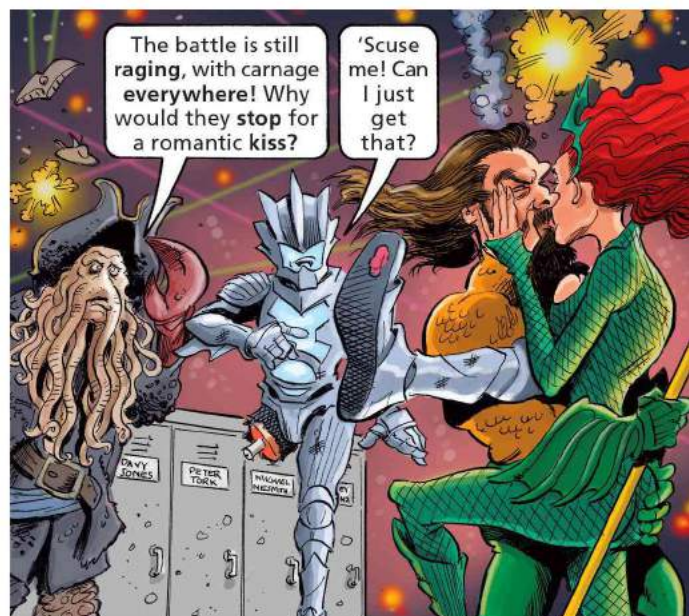
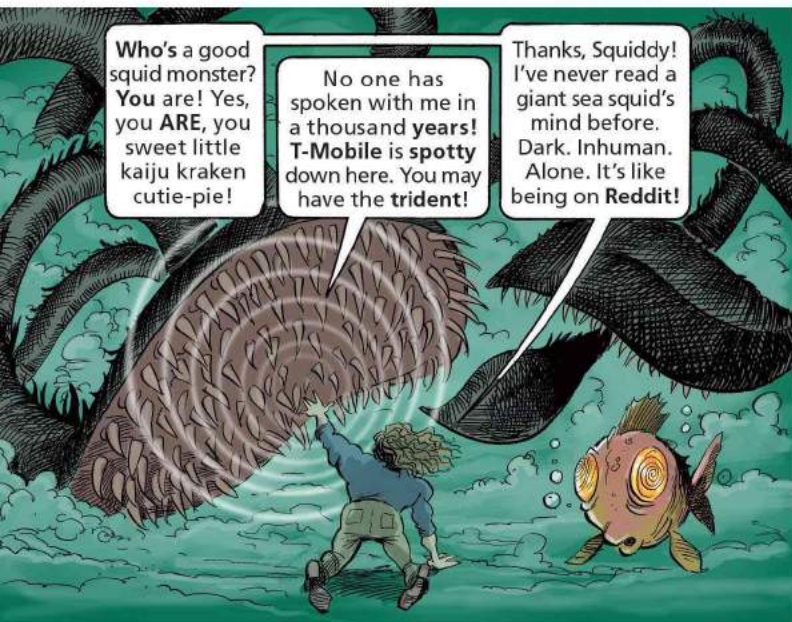
I am King Tedious. This undersea world looks lush and beautiful, but don't let that fool you. The ocean has a kajillion sea creatures... and zero toilets!

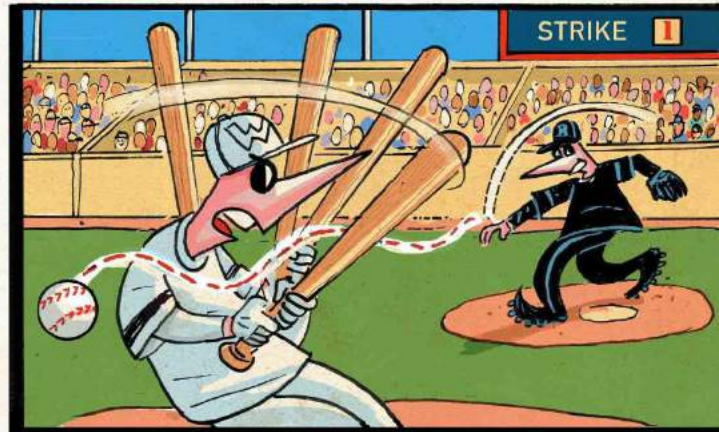






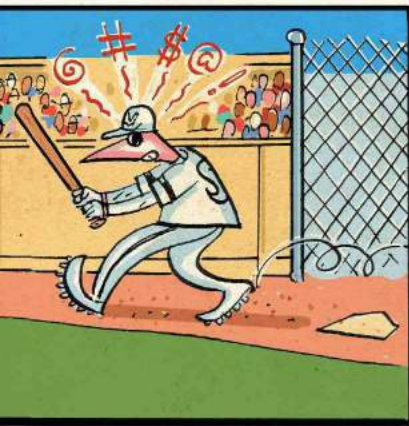
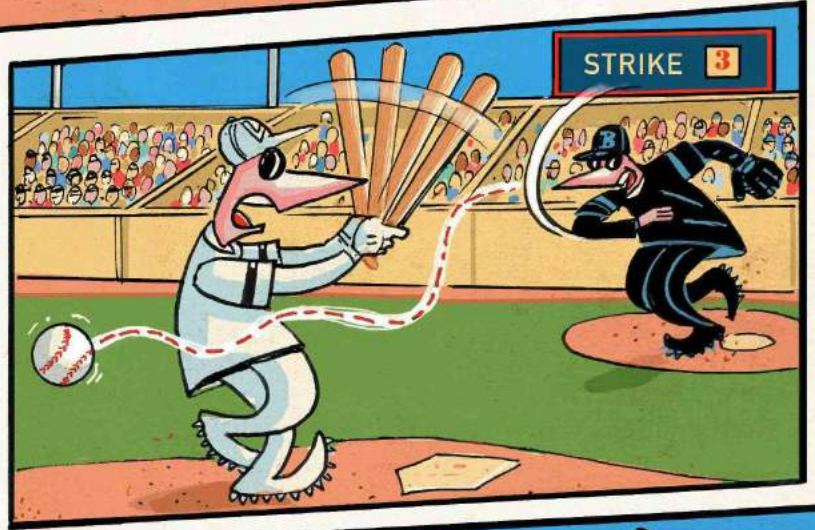
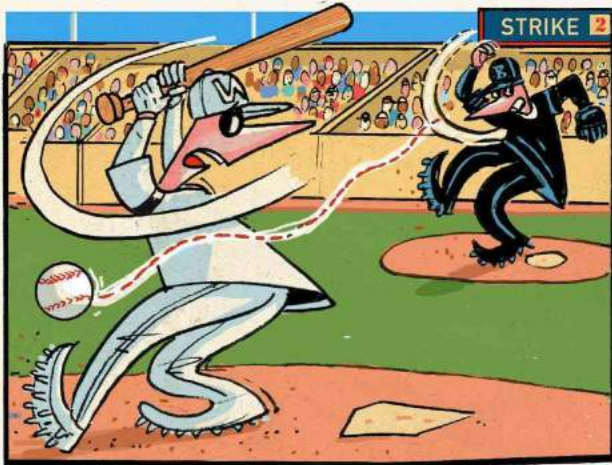
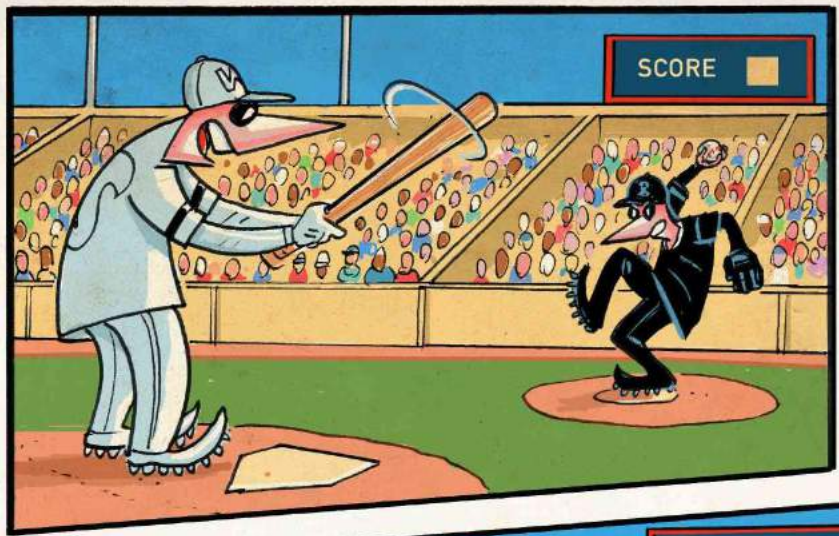
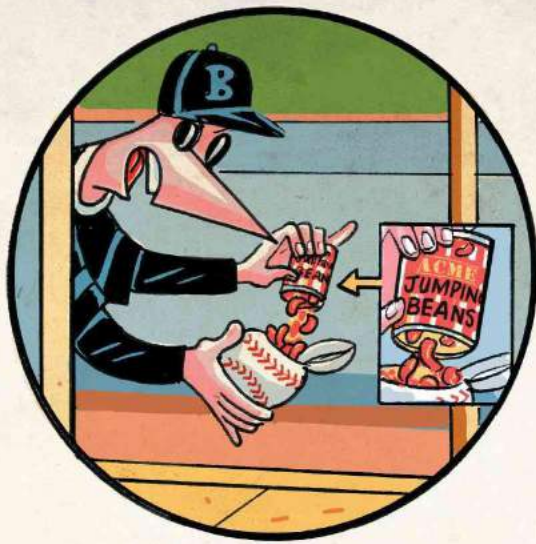
"Mythical" is just "mystical" spoken with a lisp.





SPY vs SPY







TILL DEBT DO US PART DEPT.

Your credit cards being **maxed out** doesn't mean YOU should be **stressed out**. It's a problem, but **you'll** take care of it...eventually. Someday. Probably. **Right?!** In the meantime, consider yourself richer because you've got your hands on another installment of MAD's tips for making the best out of the worst. Now...

LET'S HAVE

FUN

Turn the public humiliation of having your card declined into a public performance.



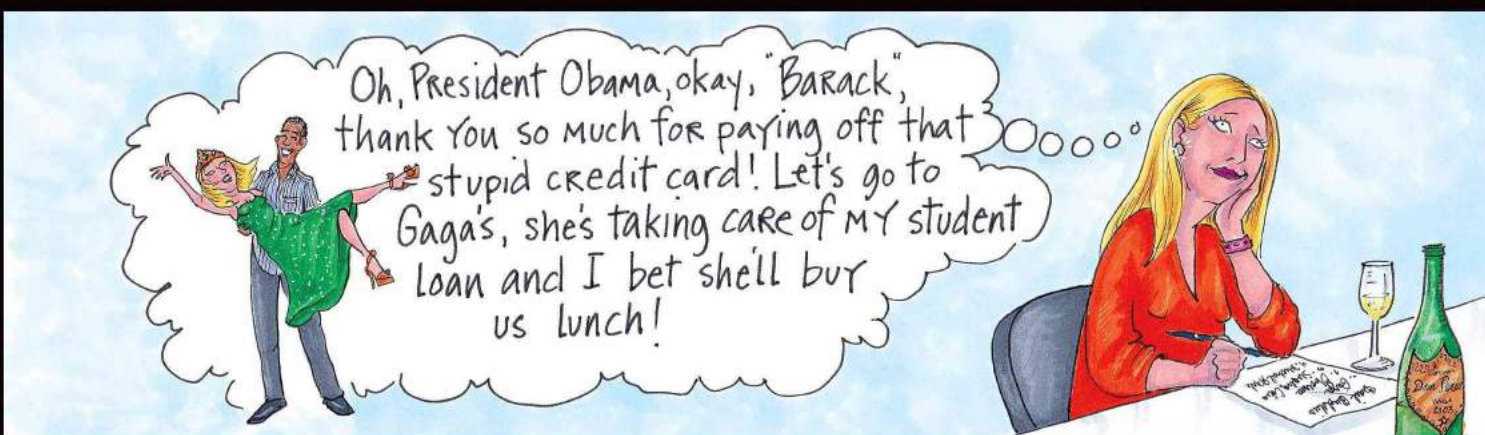
Put together your own out-of-control-spending support group.



Invite friends over for a "fright night" every four months when you check your bank balance.



Create a bucket list of all the people you dream could bail you out.



WITH YOUR \$TAGGERING DEBT!

WRITER & ARTIST
TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

Alleviate debtor's guilt by remembering that
living with a financial deficit is the American way!



Blast
"Mo Money
Mo Problems"
into
creditors
ears until
they stop
calling.



Use your pile of collection agency documents
to make a beautiful origami sculpture garden.



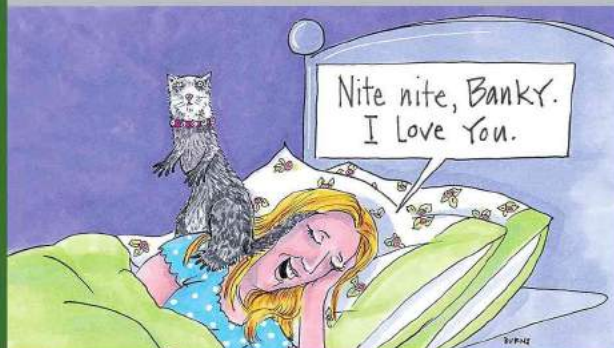
Now that you're back to living with your parents, make your old room look like a *real* apartment.



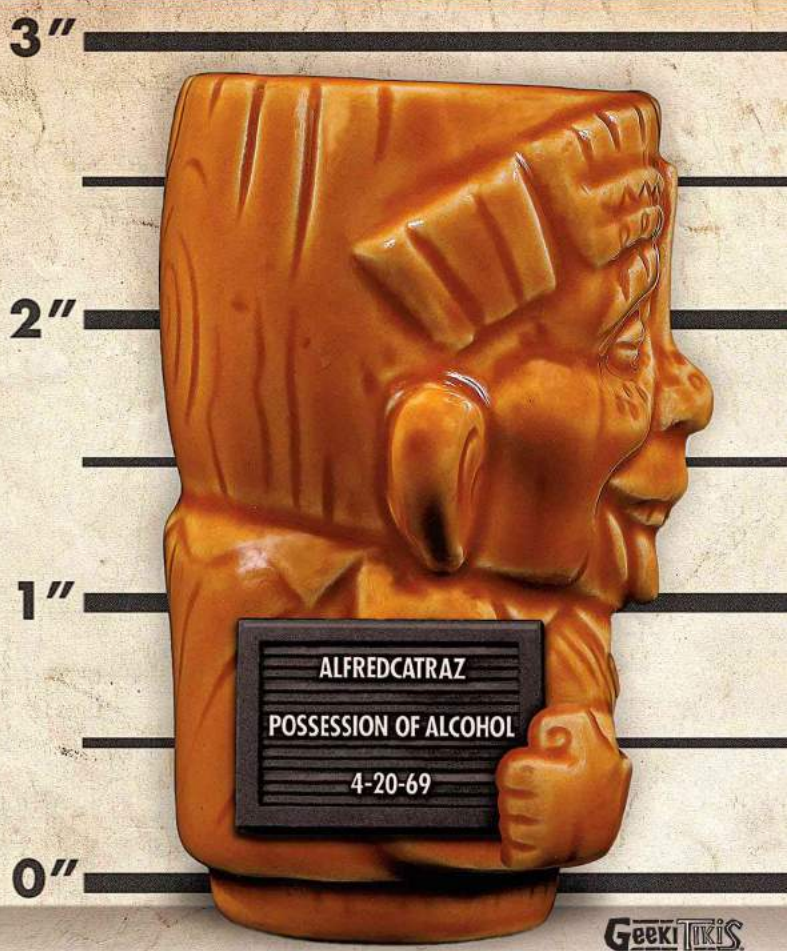
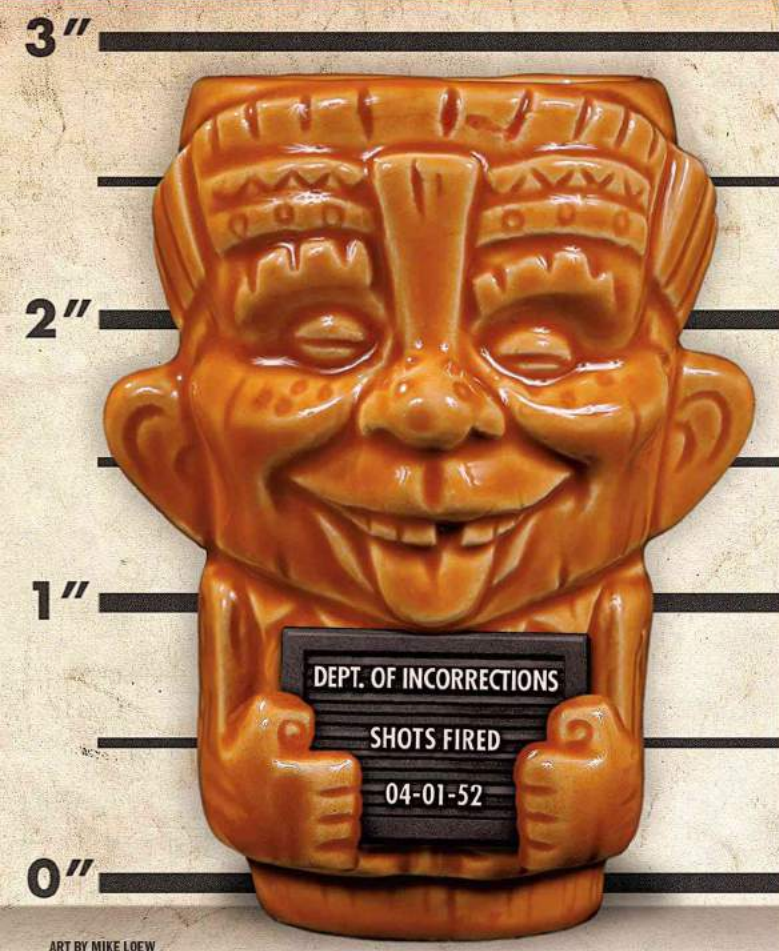
Throw a going away party for each
of the items you have to pawn off.



Just to be ironic, name your new ferret
(which you can't afford) Bankruptcy.



A MUGSHOT YOU WON'T REGRET TAKING!



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We here at MAD keep a keen eye on trends, constantly surveying the pop culture landscape for inspiration. Whether it's movies, television, literature, or music, we stay on the cutting edge and we cut deep! We could have given Cardi B the business, cut Royce da 5'9" down to size, or yanked on 2 Chainz' chains. Instead, we're skewering the pop duo that kids today can't stop talking about: Gilbert & Sullivan!

MODERN GIG ECONOMIST

Sung to the tune of
"Modern Major-General's Song"

I am the very model of a Modern Gig Economist
 My problems are pervasive, no escaping, they're the commonest
 I work an 80-hour week and still I live in poverty
 So any bootstraps you could spare would really mean a lot to me
 My studio apartment is the size of a VW
 And it would still look tiny if you saw it through the Hubble-view
 A cost of one-point-seven K a month is how my pay is spent
 And I sublet the closet to a stranger just to make the rent

I'm very good at Photoshop and Final Cut and InDesign
 I've got a shop on Etsy, you can buy the art I make online
 And pay me in exposure for a bracelet you put on the wrist
 I am the very model of a Modern Gig Economist

When I completed high school, I continued academia
 And puked 100 grand like I had Student Loan Bulimia
 I studied journalism with a passion hitherto unseen
 With plans to blast "The Institution" into tiny smithereens
 Who knew The Institution had composed its own catastrophes
 The only job available was hostess at an Applebee's
 The Baby Boomers say that I'm a slacker and a wannabe
 But, really I'm a victim of the Modern Gig Economy

I'm Ubering and Lyfting and I'm harvesting my arteries
 For plasma I can sell downtown, 'cause times are getting hard for me
 I really should have trained to be a certified phlebotomist
 I hear they rake it in, unlike a Modern Gig Economist

My checking's overdrafted so they're charging me a service fee
 I haven't got a penny and they're taking 20 bucks from me
 They're cutting off the gas, the power, water and the Internet
 I really, most sincerely, truly wish it wasn't winter yet
 I've had to sell my laptop and my cell phone just to buy some food
 I'm freezing in my car and they complain about my attitude
 I whisper as the icy hand extracts the final breath of me
 They paid me in exposure and exposure is the death of me

Now, I'm up in heaven with Saint Peter at the pearly door
 He says they haven't got a room and asks me what I'm early for
 There is a closet I could rent, but God is gonna charge a fee
 I guess there's no escaping from this Modern Gig Economy





How will the human race evolve with technological advances?
We present to the MAD reader these inspiring prophecies of...

NEW EVOLUTIONISM!

WRITER & ARTIST HURRICANE IVAN



the SELFIE ARM!

One of the **first** radical changes will take place in just a few years. Instagram addicts, forget your **shameful** selfie sticks! Nature will reward your **resourcefulness**!



the JOB STEALER!

As **everyone** knows, in the future humans will lose their jobs to **robots**. Another cruel career predator will be this morphing **monster**, able to blend into even the most **mundane** of places!



the HUMAN KITTENS!

After years of dominating social networks, human **influencers** and cute **kittens** will finally **unite**. They shall lord over all other species, colonizing Earth with a glamorous new **mutant pedigree**!



GENTRIFICATION INTERNALIZATION!

To cope with rising rent prices, the **people of the future** will learn to live **within** themselves!



the **LITERAL** HUMAN RECESSION!

Unemployed persons will no longer have to fear starvation **nor** dehydration! The **wage gap** between rich and poor will be so great as to create an **evolutionary disparity** even in their **physical size**!



Cheer up! In your new **small size**, you will need **fewer resources**!



STEP 1

BUY AN AVOCADO!



STEP 7

BUY ANOTHER AVOCADO!



STEP 2

COMPLETE THE BREAD CYCLE:
SWITCH FROM EATING
WHITE BREAD TOAST

TO WHEAT BREAD TOAST

TO 32-GRAIN BREAD TOAST

TO GLUTEN-FREE TOAST

TO USING LETTUCE AS BREAD

TO SAWDUST TOAST

TO WHITE BREAD TOAST,
IRONICALLY.

STEP 8

MOVE INTO A SINGLE-ROOM HALFWAY HOUSE THAT
ONLY ALLOWS HOT PLATES AND TOASTERS.



STEP 11

DECIDE YOU ENJOY EATING OUTSIDE
ON SIDEWALKS NEAR MOVING
TRAFFIC AND CAR EXHAUST.

KOFF
KOFF HACK!



STEP 12

TRY TIMING A MEAL AROUND THAT RANDOM MINUTE
THAT THE AVOCADO FROM STEP 7 IS NOT HARD AS A
BASEBALL, NOR SOFT AS A PLASTIC BAG OF DOG POO.



STEP 13

GIVE UP. TOSS AVOCADO FROM STEP 7.



STEP 3

GIVE UP CHEESE, BUTTER, DAIRY, AND OVERALL
HAPPINESS. BEGIN SAMPLING VEGETABLES,
SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING RESEMBLING
A CONSISTENCY TO FOOD THAT HUMANS EAT.

HEALTH FOOD



GUAC OF SHAME DEPT.

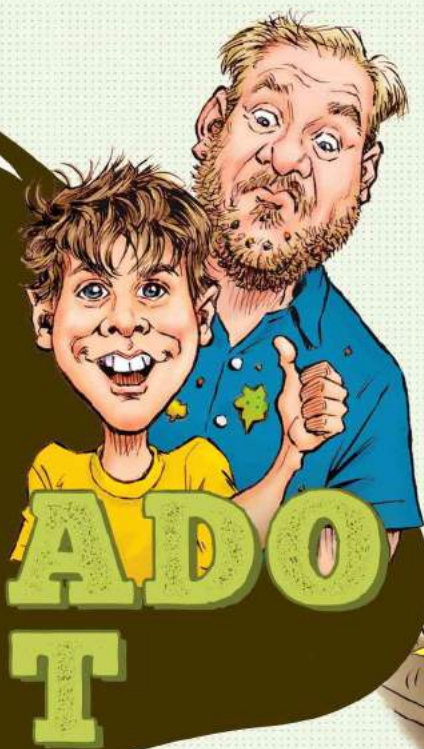
Hey, everyone! I'm Jack Gaffigan, and I'm 13 years old. My evil, bald, obese dad, Jim Gaffigan, forces me to make him breakfast every morning! Then I have to watch him eat it! GROSS! Actually, one morning my fat dad (note: he is fat!) and I were laughing about how trendy and ridiculous avocado toast is, so we thought we'd pull together this recipe for you...

JACK & JIM GAFFIGAN'S EASY 15-STEP RECIPE FOR AVOC TOAS

WRITERS JACK & JIM GAFFIGAN
ARTIST SAM VIVIANO

STEP 4

BECOME SO RICH AND WHITE THAT YOU "DISCOVER" AVOCADOS AS A NEW VEGETABLE!



STEP 5

TELL RICH FRIENDS OVER A GLASS OF WHITE WINE THAT YOU "LOOOOOOVE AVOCADOS!!!"



STEP 6

TOSS OVERRIPE, ROTTEN AVOCADO YOU PURCHASED FROM STEP 1.



STEP 9

GET ANGRY ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S SPELLING ERRORS ON TWITTER AND FACEBOOK. LASH OUT AT THEM FOR NO REASON AT ALL.



STEP 10

START USING THE TERM "BRUNCH" IN A SINCERE, NON-SARCASTIC WAY!

STEP 15

SMUGLY EAT YOUR AVOCADO TOAST OUTSIDE ON A SIDEWALK NEAR MOVING TRAFFIC AND CAR EXHAUST WHILE READING MAD MAGAZINE.



STEP 14

GO TO A RESTAURANT AND PAY SOME GUY WHO WAS FIRED FROM STARBUCKS FOR NOT WASHING HIS HANDS \$20 TO CUT UP AN AVOCADO AND PUT IT ON A PIECE OF WHITE TOAST.





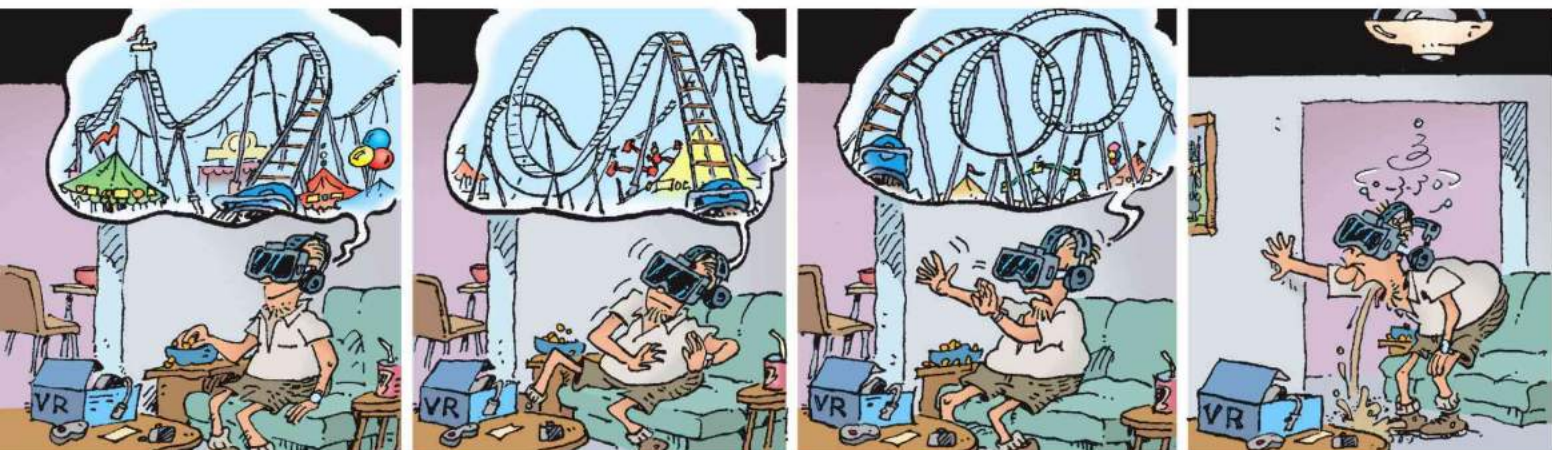
THE SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONÉS
PRESENTS

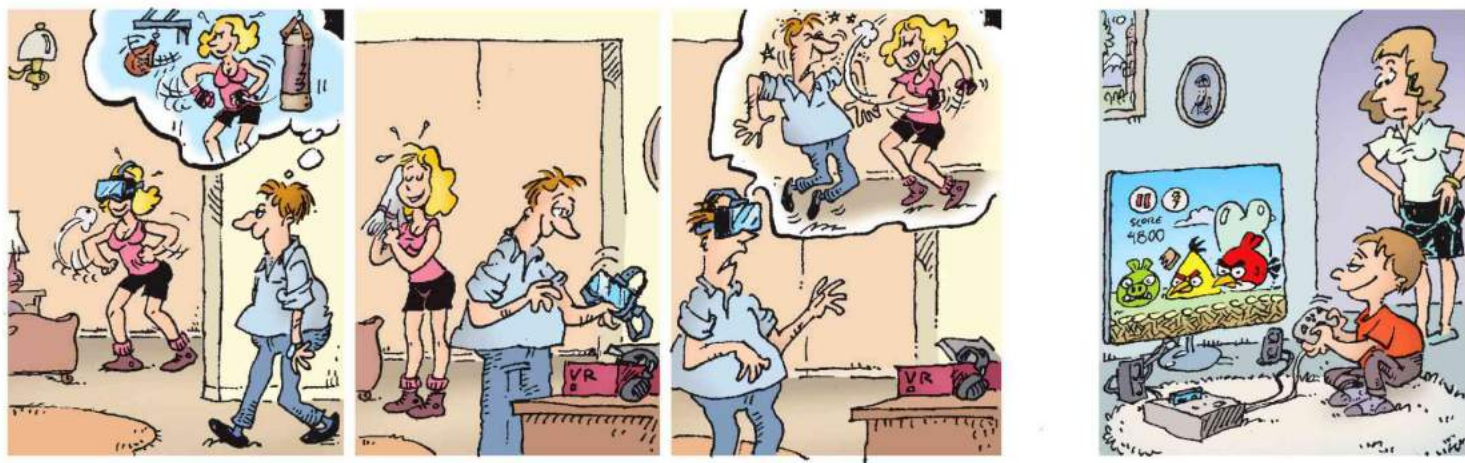


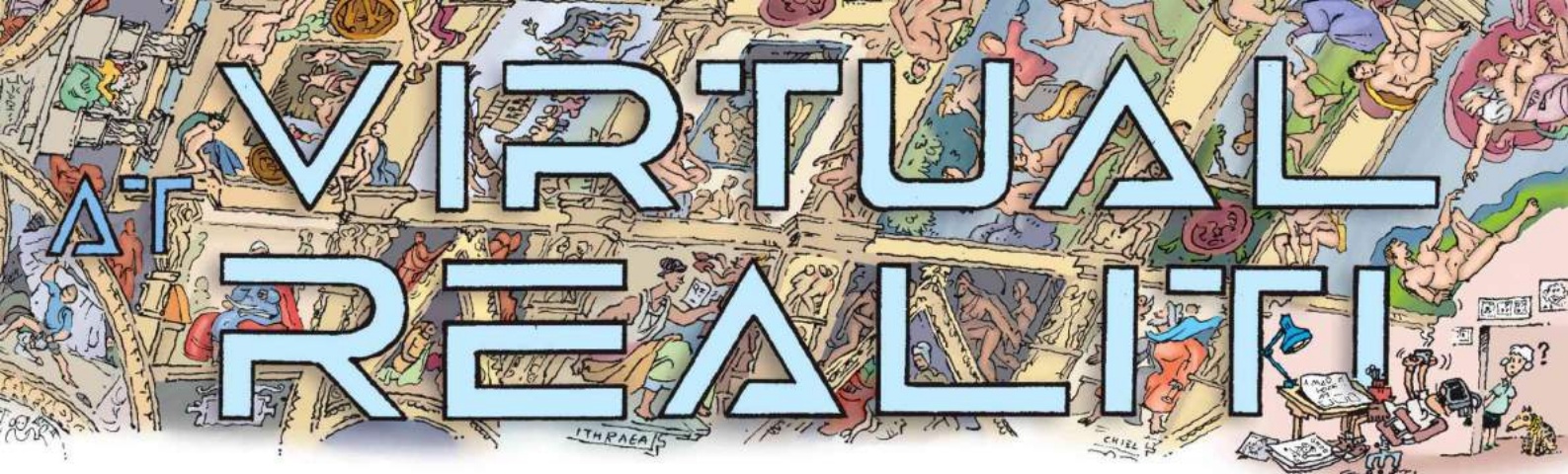
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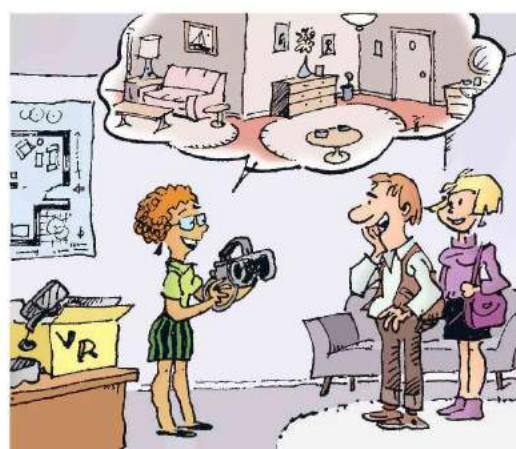
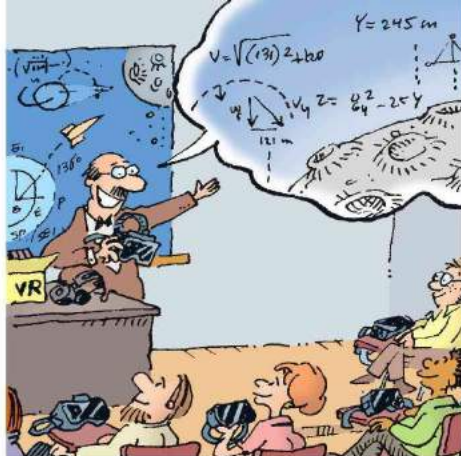
LOOK



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **TOM LUTH**









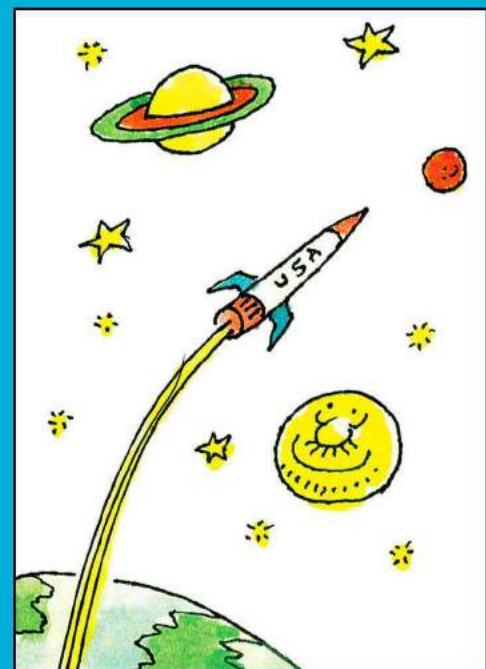
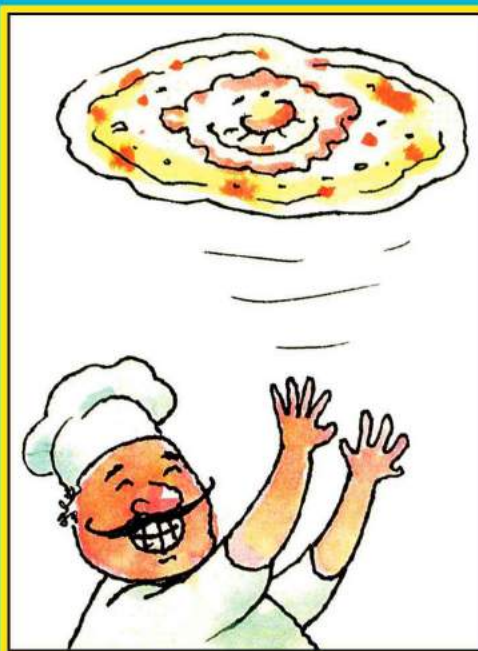


THE FOLD STANDARD DEPT.

If you're an **Al Jaffee** fan (and let's face it, you are), you know his signature is a drawing of a face instead your classic loop-di-loos. But where in the world did that face **come** from? We asked the man himself, and he presented us with these incredible origin stories!

Events That Inspired **AL JAFFEE'S** Iconic Signature

PART ONE



WRITER & ARTIST
AL JAFFEE

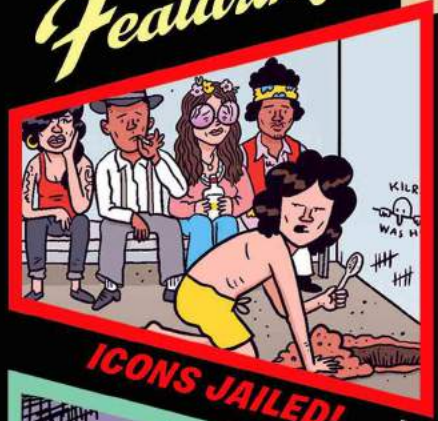
52¢

AVOIDED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

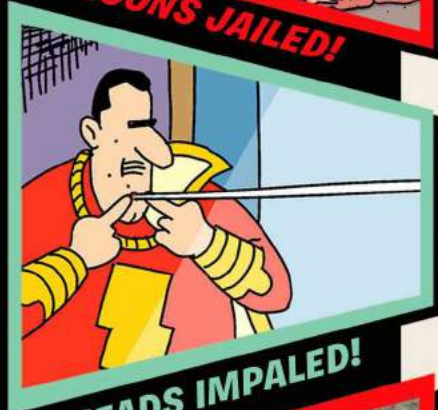
POTRZEBIE

COMICS

Featuring



ICONS JAILED!



HEADS IMPALED!



OPOSSUMS NAILED!

Plus



DR. SPANKENSTEIN: **Booty Scientist** (It's ALIVE! And it just won't QUIT!)

WRITER & ARTIST KERRY CALLEN

THE 27 CLUB



JIMI



JIM



JANIS



KURT



AMY



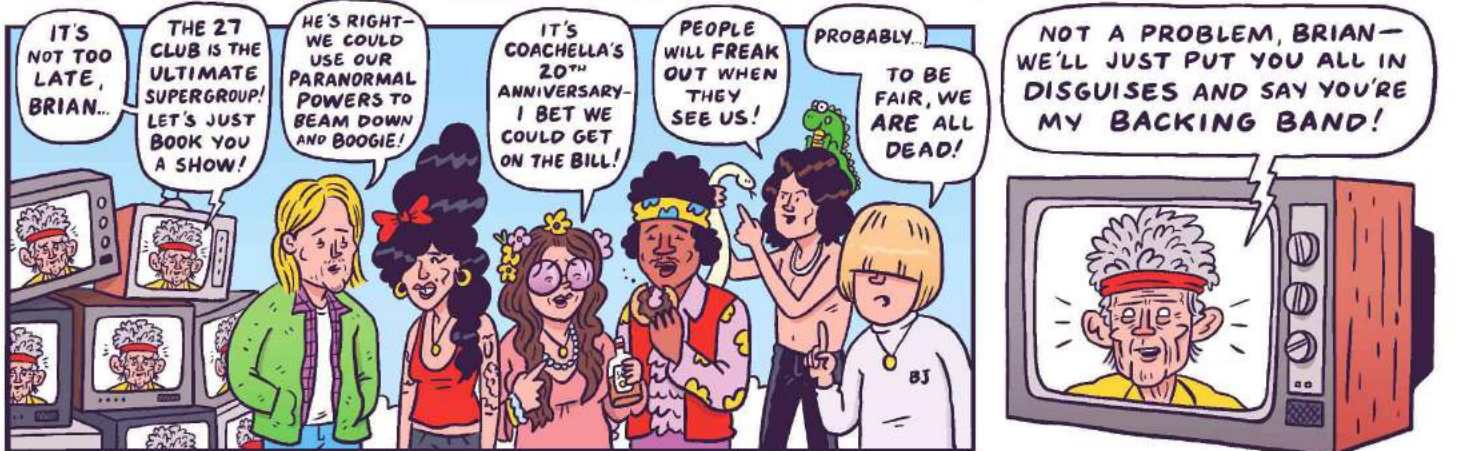
BRIAN



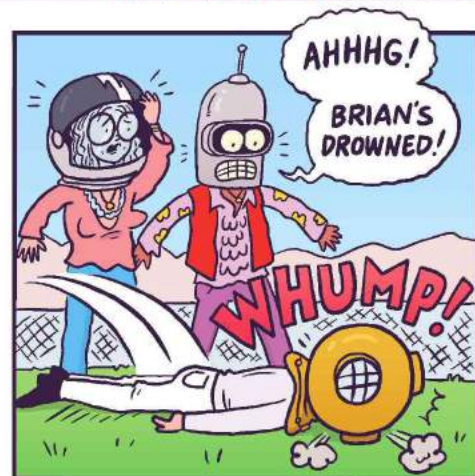
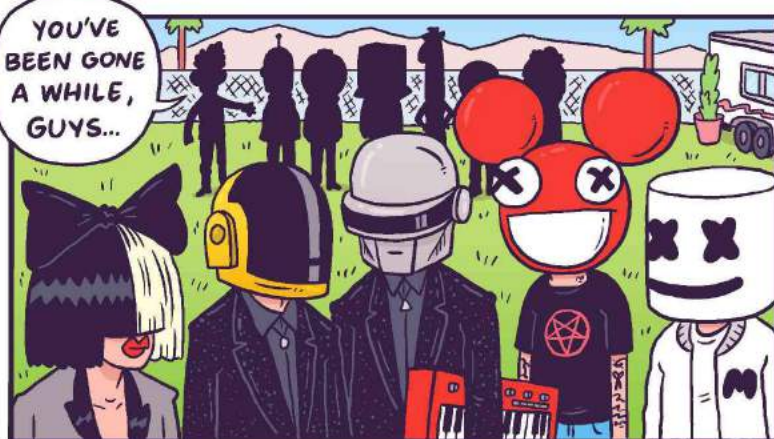
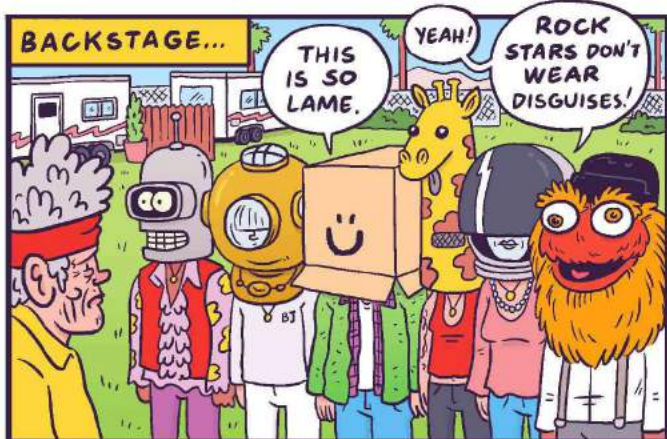
ROBERT

THE CELESTIAL CADRE'S COACHELLA CAPER!

BY LUKE MCGARRY









SHAZAM! FUNNIES

SHAZNUTS

WRITER & ARTIST **KERRY CALLEN**

**STUPID
HARMFUL
ASININE
ZZZ-INDUCING
APPALLING
MAD-APPROVED!**



THE MIGHTIEST MORTAL SIDE



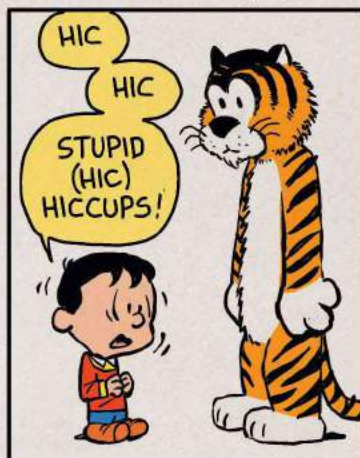
At that moment, the underworld learned to never make fun of Billy Batson's acne problem.

THE JUSTICE CIRCUS



"Hey! Who's the careless slob who was looking at Catwoman files and spilled cola?"

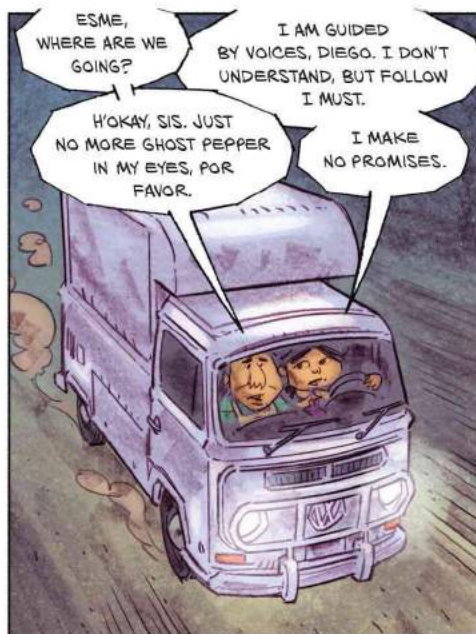
BILLY AND TAWNY



LUKEY & MUKEY

ABANDONED DURING A FIELD TRIP, YOUNG LUKEY MUENSTER ENLISTED DR. FREDERICK "HOT PEPPER" OBIDIAH TO GET HIM HOME. WHILE STRANDED ON A COUNTRY ROAD, DR. OBIDIAH INADVERTENTLY MENTIONED A FORMER ASSOCIATE NAMED GASPAR, THEN TRIED TO COVER UP HIS GAFFE. MEANWHILE, THE VOOGANS' TRAVEL DYNAMICS DETERIORATED FURTHER AS THEY NEARED EARTH. WE MET ESME AND DIEGO, FOOD TRUCK CHEFS. ESME'S BRAIN HAS BEEN ITCHING AS A RESULT OF INTERSTELLAR PROBING WAVES (FROM GUESS WHO). AND MUKEY HECKLED A STAND-UP COMIC, WHICH WON HIM AN INSTANT CULT. PHEW! THESE RECAPS ARE EXHAUSTING!





ESME,
WHERE ARE WE
GOING?

I AM GUIDED
BY VOICES, DIEGO. I DON'T
UNDERSTAND, BUT FOLLOW
I MUST.

H'OKAY, SIS. JUST
NO MORE GHOST PEPPER
IN MY EYES, FOR
FAVOR.

I MAKE
NO PROMISES.



SO, THESE
VOICES?

THAT'S A LOTTA
SPACE.

IMAGINE TWO CATTY
SPACE-FOLK JOCKEYING FOR
PRIMACY IN A TINY SPACECRAFT
HURLING THROUGH SPACE-
SPACE.

MY HEAD IS
CRAMMED WITH SPACE'S
DIRTY LAUNDRY. OW.



MY POOR,
TORMENTED
SISTER. I--

AI-YI-YI!
MY EYE-EYE-
EYES!

I MADE NO
PROMISES. NOW, ONWARD.
I AM COMPELLED...

...SOUTH.

PSSHT!



GLAD THE MANAGER COMPED
THIS SUITE AND ALL ITS PERKS, WHICH
I DESERVE. SOMEHOW, I'VE HAD A
ROUGH LIFE, EVEN THOUGH IT'S ONLY
BEEN 147 MINUTES SO FAR.

EXALTED AN' CHARISMATIC
GREEN ONE, NO NAILS IS MAKING
THIS MANICURE KINDA TOUGH
TO DO.

EXCUSES,
EXCUSES!



O, SNARKSOME,
CHARTREUSE
MONARCH, OUR
KNEES IS ACHY
AN' OUR BACKS IS
BREAKY...

SILENCE!
BE GLAD I SAID
HUMAN PYRAMID,
NOT HUMAN
CENTIPEDE.

Y'ALL SAID
Y'ALL WANNA
WALL, RIGHT? AN'
Y'ALL DON' LIKE
IMMIGRANTS?

CORRECT, THOUGH
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
EITHER IS, REALLY.

GOOD ENOUGH.
Y'ALL HAS OUR TOTAL
SUPPORT.



POP!
WHICH IS MORE
THAN I CAN SAY FOR
YOUR KNEES AND BACKS.
THIS CULT NEEDS
SHAPING UP.

OKAY, THEN, BACK TO
DICTATING MY MANIFESTO.
ZAHME...

"ALL MUCUS IS EQUAL, BUT SOME
MUCUS IS MORE EQUAL THAN
OTHERS. ESPECIALLY SOMEONE
MADE ENTIRELY OF IT."

GENIUS!

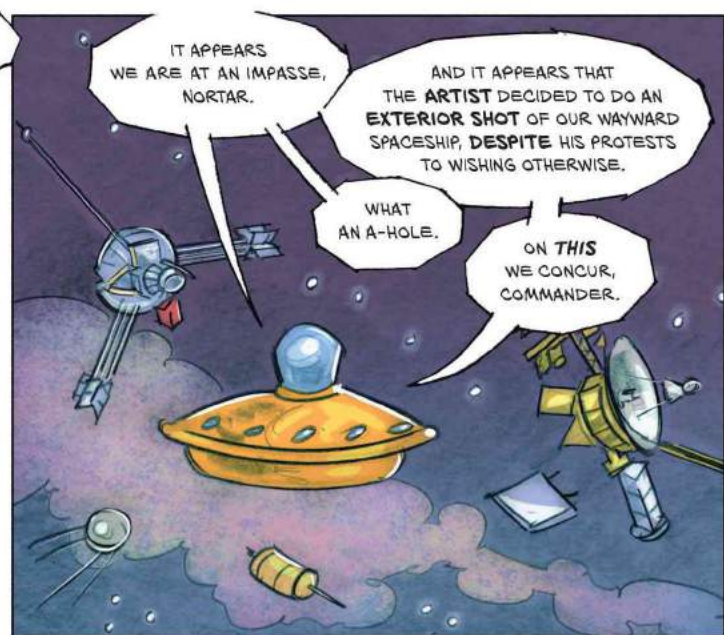
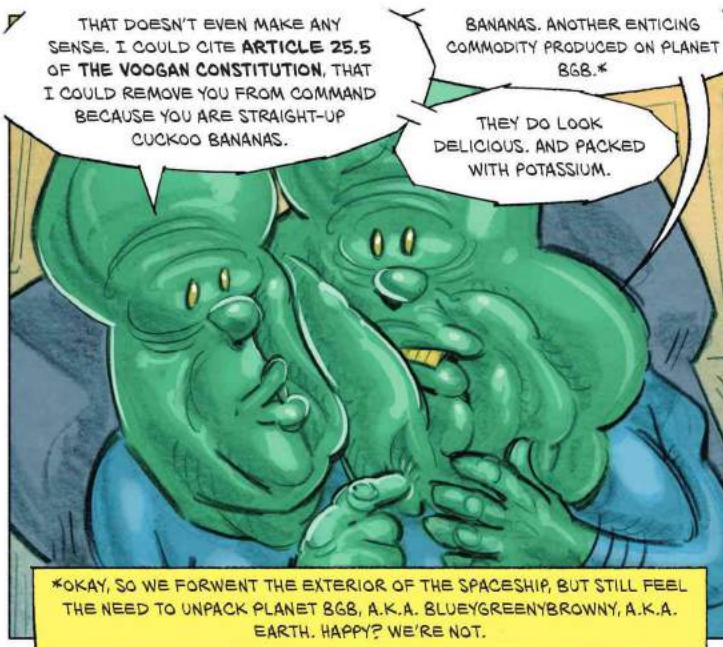
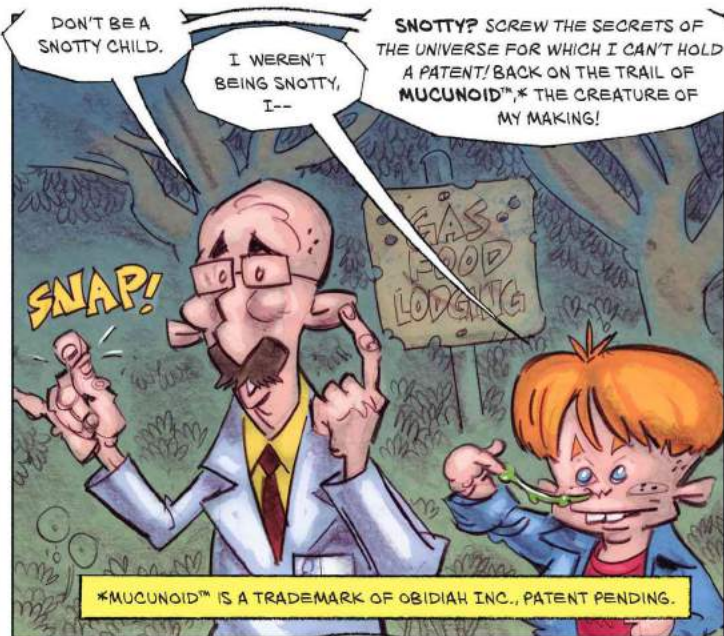


SNOT IS THE PERFECT
CONDUIT FOR OLFACTORY STIMULI.
FACT! I HAVE ALL THE BEST
FACTS!

ERGO: UGH! WHY DID I
ORDER ALL THIS **FAST FOOD**? IT SMELLS
LIKE WET PAPER BAGS AND FARTS.

FOR US,
MOST BENEFICENT
LEADER.

IT'S
TRUE-- I AM THE
GREATEST.



HA! YOU CALLED
ME COMMANDER! GET
OUTTA MY SEAT!

GAH!
I REFUSE
TO--

NOPE. YOU GUYS HAD YOUR
CHANCE. THIS SCENE IS
CANCELED. BACK TO...

TO THE CASINO!
IT SEEMS NO ORGANISM
CAN RESIST CRAPS.

P-PLEASE
HELP M-MEEE.
SO COLD.

YOU GON'
HELP THAT NEARLY
EXSANGUINATED CAR
GUY, DR. O?

LET'S ALERT
THE NEAREST
AUTHORITY!

PARDON, THERE'S
A WRECK OUTSIDE. MORE:
HAVE YOU SEEN A SMALL
GREEN...

YOU MEAN
THE MOST SUPREME
EXALTED ONE?

UM, WHUZZAT-
NOW?

OH, THE CHARTREUSE, TRANSLUCENT
GUIDING STAR OF THE 21ST CENTURY. SINCE
HE WON OVER THE MOB AT THE COMEDY
CLUB WE'VE ALL GLORIED IN HIS
MAGNIFICENCE.

THE LITTLE GREEN
CRITTER I CREATED
NOT TWO HOURS AGO?

HERESY!
BLASPHEMY!
BALONEY! HOW
DARE YOU SPEAK
OF THE GUIDING
SUN RAY,
THUS!

HUH?
ARE WE TALKING
ABOUT THE SAME
THING?

"THING," HE SAYS?
"THING"? "THING"?
SEIZE THE INTRUDERS
AND TAKE THEM TO THE
PRESIDENTIAL
SUITE!

WISH WE'D
HIT THE MEN'S ROOM
AFORE BEING TRUSSED
UP AN' FROG-
MARCHED.

ON THIS YOU
ARE NOT WRONG,
ADDLED CHILD.

THIS MUST BE
A MISTAKE. THE
MUCUNOID™ COULDN'T
POSSIBLY BE--

SHUT UP AND
HOBBLE ALONG.
THE EXALTED ONE
WILL KNOW HOW
TO DEAL WITH THE
LIKES OF YOU.

NEXT: MUKEYLINI THE SNOTZI?

GOSH
HUPE NOT!



According to those annoying TV ads, you can use FLEX TAPE™ to repair tubs, pipes, nuclear reactors—anything! We wondered: Is there a piece strong enough to seal the ad guy's mouth? And speaking of taped body parts, we came up with the amazing...

FLESH TAPE

GUARANTEED TO BE THE BLOODY BEST

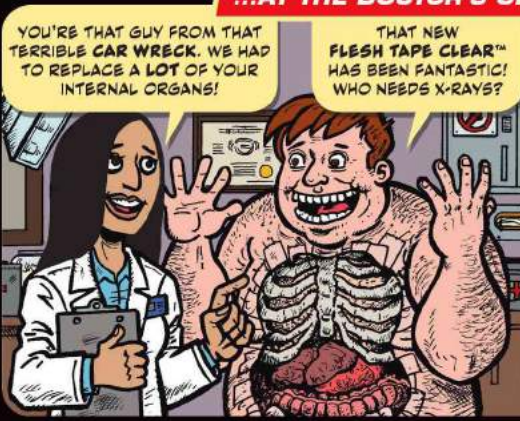
USE IT ON THE SLOPES!



...AT THE MALL!



...AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE!



...AT PARTIES!



...EVEN IN THE KIDS' ROOM!

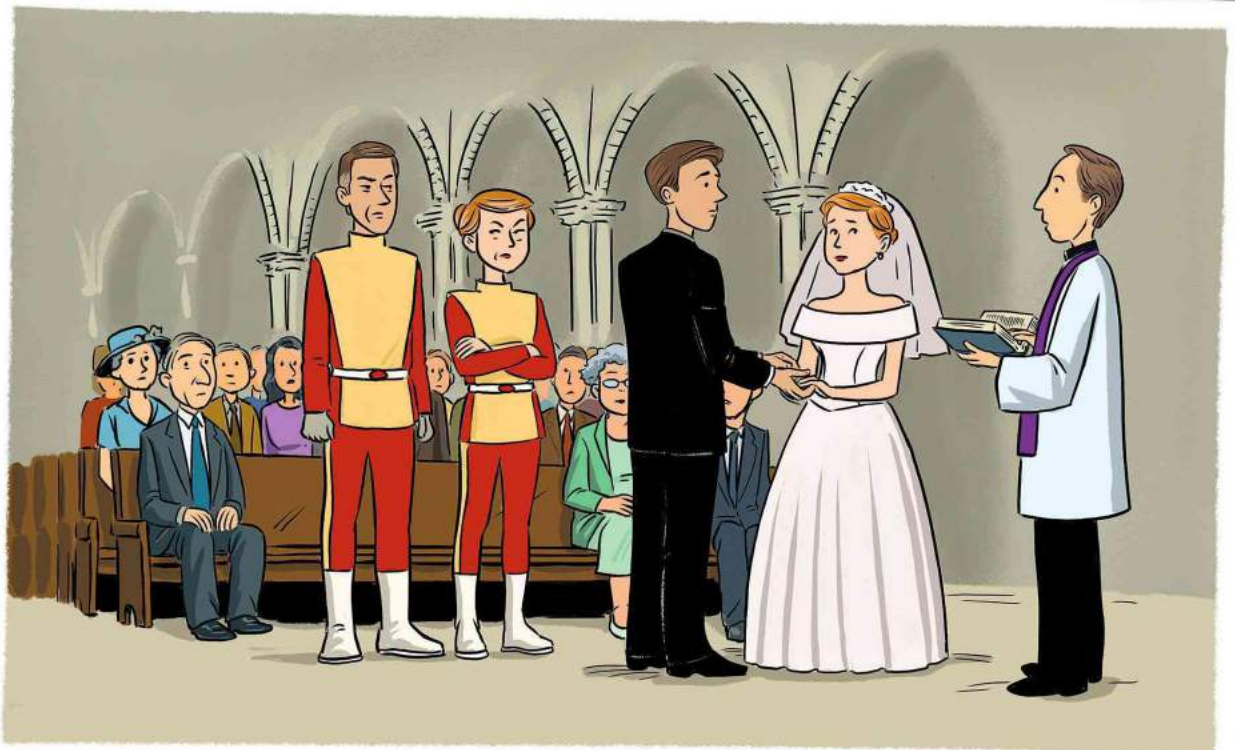




Great comedy should be cutting edge, speak truth to power, and shine a light on hypocrisy, making the world a better place. But we're all outta that, so here are some jokes!



"CONGRATULATIONS! IT'S A BOYBOYING!"



"ARE THERE ANY OBJECTIONS TO THIS MARRIAGE, BESIDES THE BRIDE AND GROOM'S TIME TRAVELLING FUTURE SELVES?"

MeaNwHile...

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"Baby changing stations should be outlawed. Babies are fine just the way they are!"



As the old saying goes, "History doesn't repeat itself, but it often rhymes." Perhaps **that's** why "The Super Patriot," a snippet from our epic poem in MAD #129, still holds as much weight **today** as it did in '69. We dusted off the full-length rhapsody, "The MAD Primer of Bigots, Extremists, and Other Loose Ends," and were so inspired we wrote a few new lines for modern times.

A VERY FINE WALL

There's nothing to see behind this wall!
No pushed agendas, big nor small,
No namesake business undivested,
No mistress large (nor average) chested.

No tax returns with sketchy numbers,
No private corporate earnings covered,
No profit from lax EPA regulations,
No parent at KKK demonstrations.

No foreign investments nor cash
that's dumped there,
No prior conditions now struck
from Trumpcare,
No shutdowns precluding paychecks
and food stamps,
No kids sick and dying in detention camps.

No families legally seeking asylum
As racist beliefs separate
and profile 'em,
Conflating "illegal" with
policy allowed
While border space
irresponsibly overcrowds.

And this wall hiding nothing
works to divide
States called "united" into
two warring sides—
Both too disabled to
do all they can
To stop the chaos of
just one man.





THE LIGHTER SIDE OF FEAR

WRITER TAMMY GOLDEN ARTIST JON ADAMS

CLOWNS



COMMITMENT



GETTING OLDER



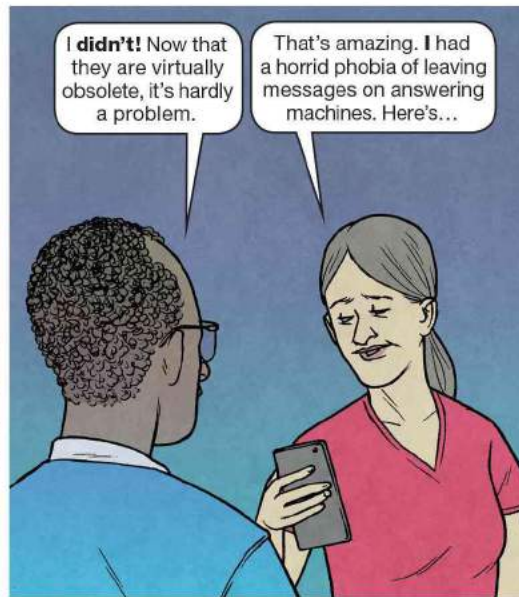
SNAKES



IMPOSTER SYNDROME



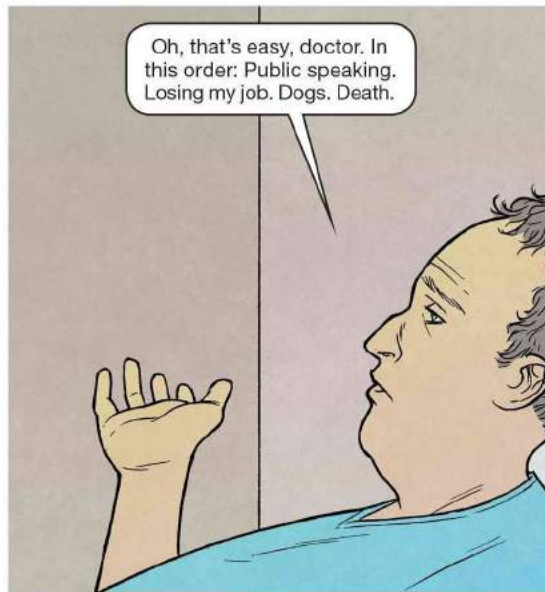
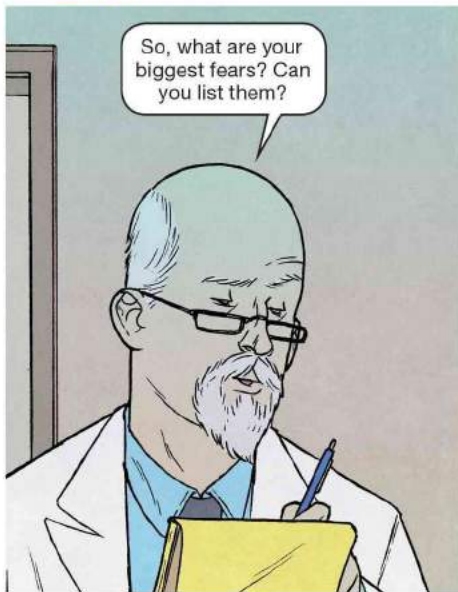
OBSESSING



PUBLIC SPEAKING



LIST



FLYING





TIME-TRAVEL STUDY BUDDIES

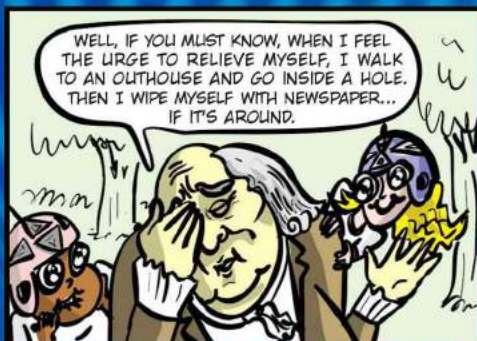
WITH LUCY AND JOSE

WRITERS SIMON RICH & FARLEY KATZ ARTIST FARLEY KATZ

Each week our intrepid young scholars use their Time Helmets to travel through the ages and learn from the men and women who made history!



PHILADELPHIA, 1752



HISTORICAL NOTE:

All bathroom-related information in "Time Travel Study Buddies" is extensively researched and accurate.

Franklin used cobs.





What can you do with a billion dollars and a billion characters? First things first: kill half of them! Okay, done. Now what? We may not have seen it yet, but we already feel like we've seen *Avengers: Endgame* a thousand times. With that in mind, allow us to consult our crystal ball with our newest feature...

MAD PREDICTS

AVENJERKS

IS THIS EVER GONNA END-GAME?

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY ARTIST GIDEON KENDALL

I can't believe that I, **Irony Man**, tried to save the world, but ended up letting the evil alien Th'anus turn half the universe to ash, and got trapped here on Titan, millions of miles from home. Mondays, am I right?

Also, my fiancée, packed my lunch and accidentally made me a jade egg salad again!

You think **that's** bad? Try walking in Nebulalala's robot shoes for a day. I can't turn off my Wi-Fi, and all I can pick up are nerds wanting to know how an infinite war can have a sequel—never mind an endgame!

Someone has got to take **Neil deGrasse Tyson's** Twitter away from him!

What are we doing here? Our story was 39 pages ago!

When your movie makes over a billion dollars, you can show up wherever you want!

Come on, let us into the film! We might be able to help!

Yeah, everyone's in this effing thing!

Sorry, Netflix, you're not on the list! You neither, Hulu kids!

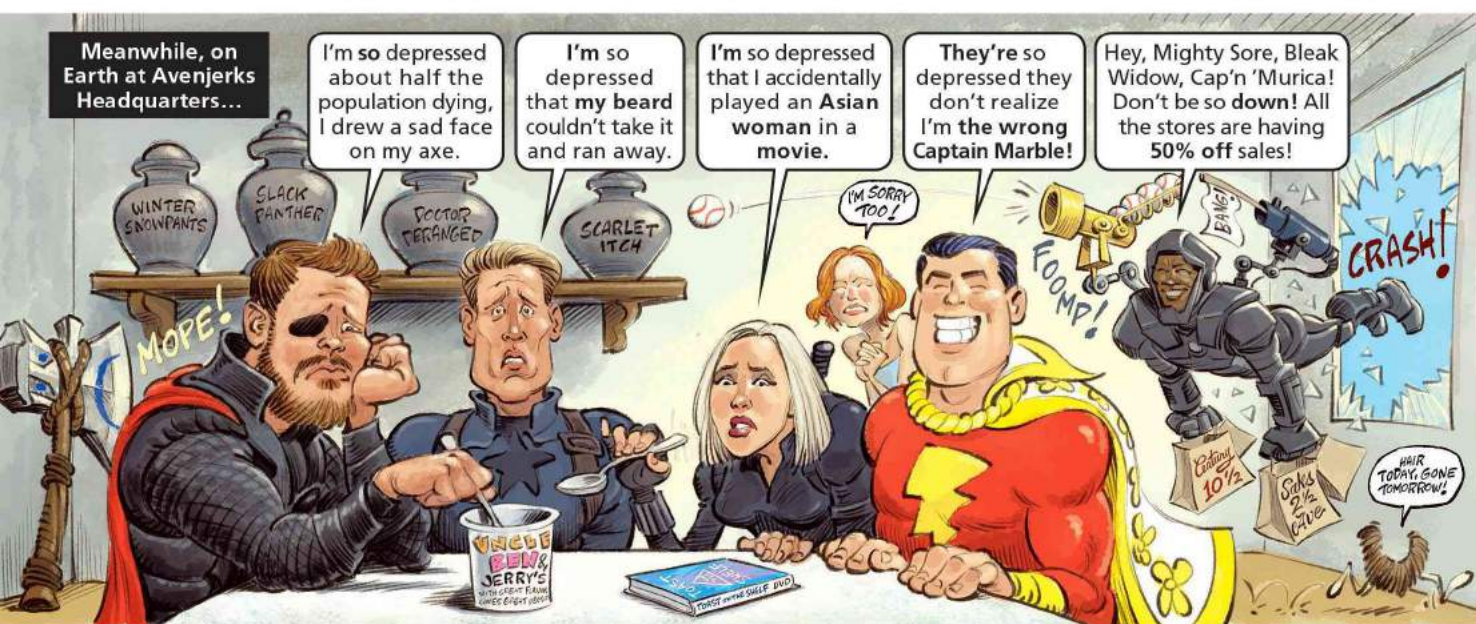
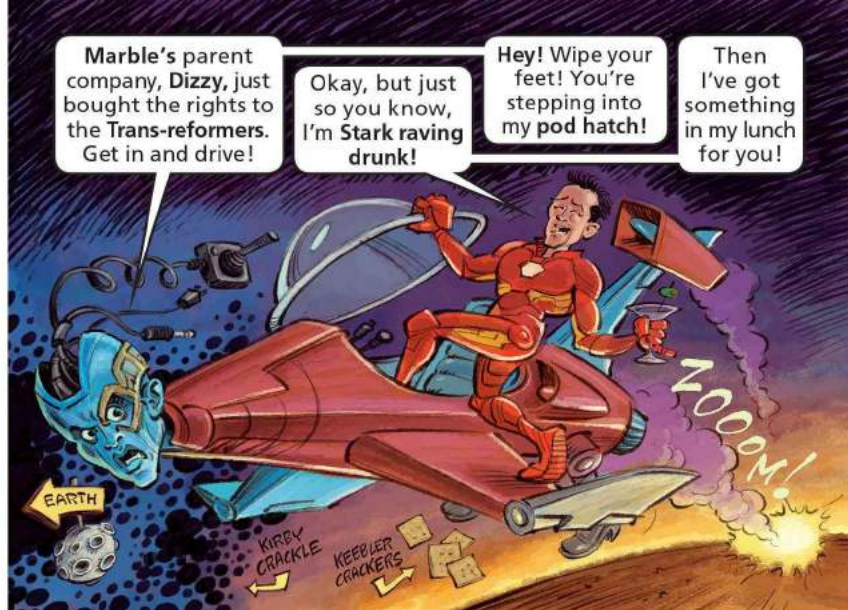
Oh man, I'm supposed to be in another **Spidey-Man** movie this summer! What am I gonna do?

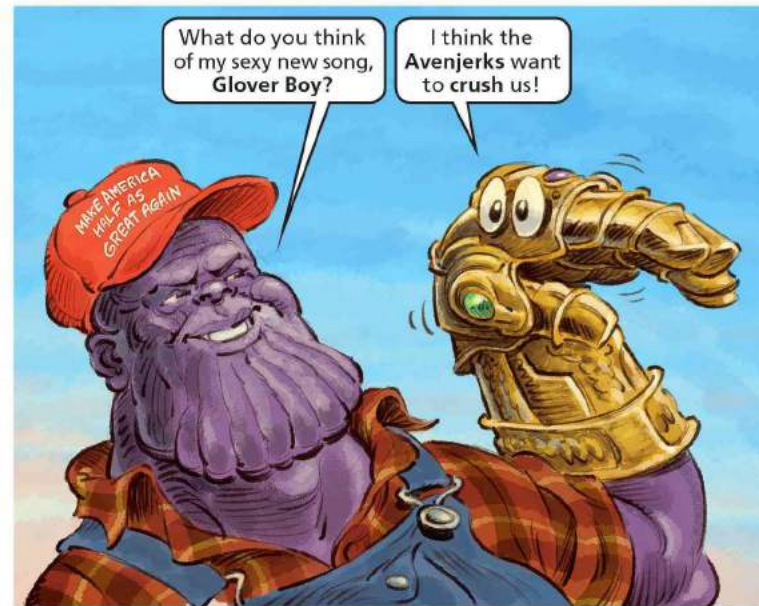
Hey, I'll do it!

I'll do it for free!

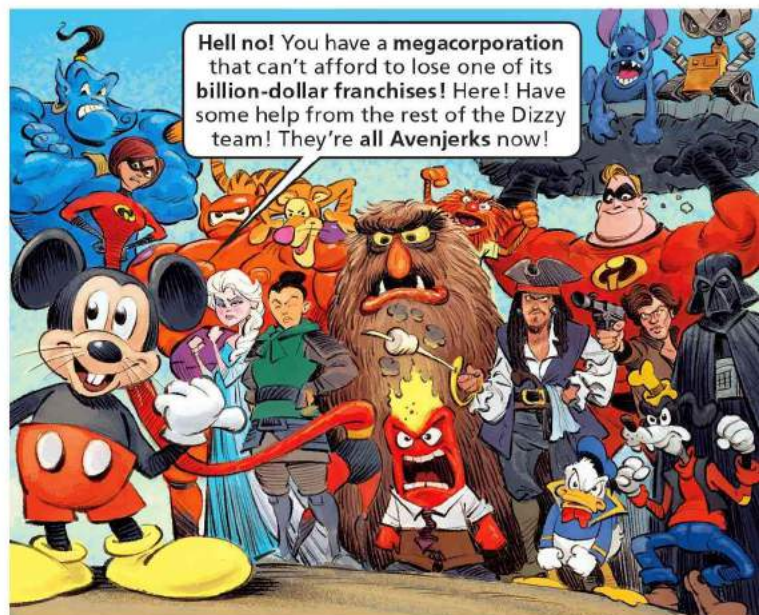
I'll do it and let you make me into a sandwich after!

NOT SPIDERPIC!
(OR A CEREBUS RIPOFF)











I THINK I CANVAS DEPT.

THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in The Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

A SON OF MAD

by DREW FRIEDMAN

Beginning in the late 1950's, the renowned illustrator Frank "Kelly" Freas was hired by MAD to be their cover artist. His vivid cover for the 1959 paperback *Son of MAD* is the first MAD image I remember seeing, and it remains, to this day, my favorite cover. The abject fear in the poor gorilla's face, the terrified-yet-nuanced pose of his body, the curled toes—all as he's encountering the infant Alfred E. Neuman as seen from behind. Pure visual perfection!

The cover is memorable to me for another reason. In the Beatles' first film *A Hard Day's Night*, the character Shake is briefly seen reading *Son of MAD* in the opening train scene. Two towering icons forever converged in that moment, The Beatles and MAD! When I first watched that scene, I was so thrilled my head (almost) exploded.

The moment I discovered that cover at age five, my life changed. From then on, I was a "Son of MAD." Not only did it lead me to becoming an obsessive MAD fan, but it spurred my mission to someday join the "Usual Gang of Idiots," something I later (amazingly) achieved.

Here's my take on that life-altering piece.

Drew Friedman's comics and illustrations have appeared in *Raw*, *Weirdo*, *Heavy Metal*, *National Lampoon*, *Spy*, *The American Bystander* and *MAD*, among others. A documentary about his work "Vermeer of the Borscht Belt" is currently being made. Friedman is married to K. Bidus and they live in an undisclosed bunker with their beagle, Gunther. You can view more of Drew's amazing artwork at: drewfriedman.net



Satan's 666 Commandments



Thou Shalt Never Use a Turn Signal

Thou Shalt Not Vote in Midterms

Thou Shalt Microwave Fish in Office Kitchens

Thou Shalt Feed Bacon to Vegans

Thou Shalt Throw Thy Birthday Party on a Weeknight

Thou Shalt Line up at Thy Airport Gate Before Thy Group Is Called

Thou Shalt Join the Church of Scientology

Thou Shalt Gaslight People Trying to Love Thee

Thou Shalt Run for President on a Platform of Racism Solely for Personal Gain

Thou Shalt Marry Thy Adopted Daughter

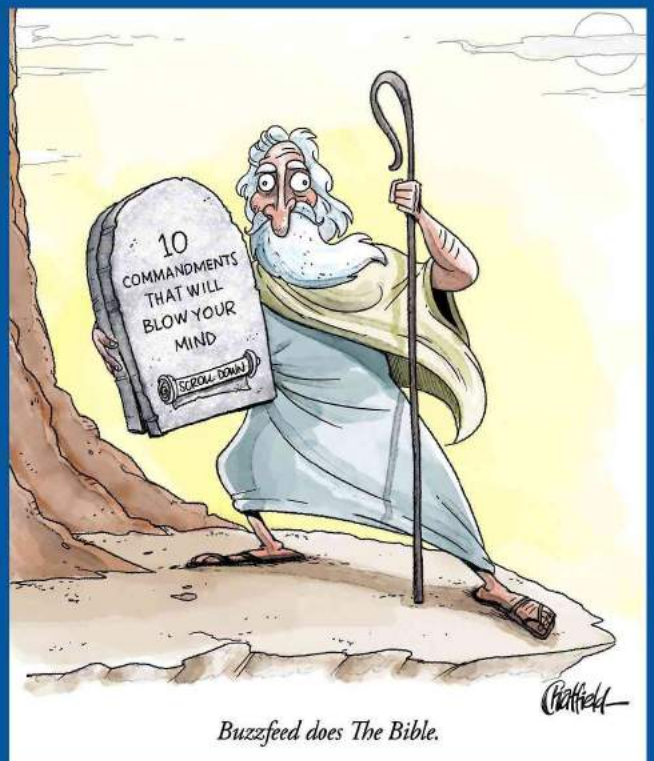
Thou Shalt Use False Pretenses to Date Women

Thou Shalt Always Victim Blame

Thou Shalt Produce a Known Abuser's Next Film

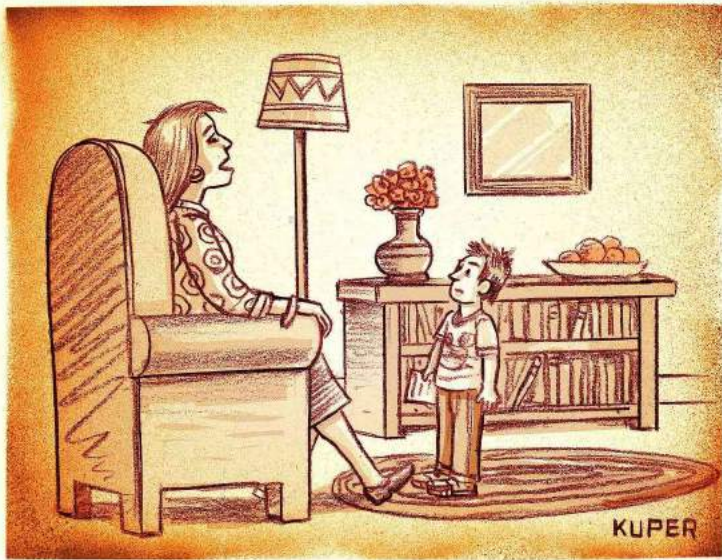
WRITER KIT LIVELY

ARTIST ROB ISRAEL



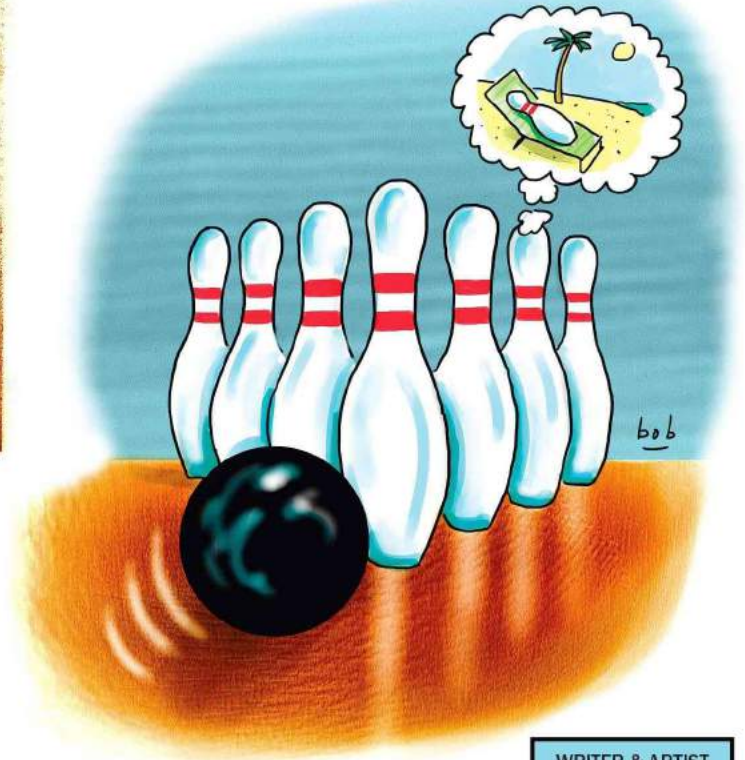
Buzzfeed does The Bible.

WRITER & ARTIST JASON CHATFIELD



"Double-check that with Daddy-- Mommy's microdose just kicked in."

WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**



WRITER & ARTIST **BOB ECKSTEIN**

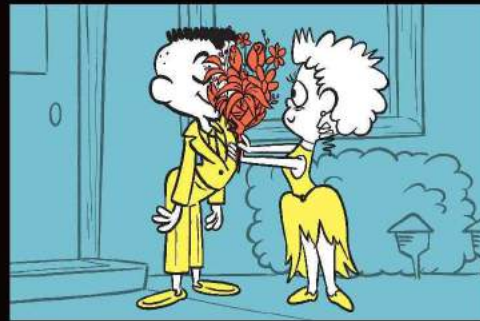
PROM TIPS FOR THE SOCIALLY AWKWARD

WRITER **KENNY KEIL**
ARTIST **A PERSON**

Don't procrastinate! Ask your date to confirm their availability no later than the 3rd grade.



Worried about making eye contact with your date? With a big enough corsage, you won't have to!



Bored? Smuggle in some "party enhancers" to use when the chaperones aren't looking, such as *Stratego* or *Magic: The Gathering*.



Be sure to invest in some really nice shoes, since you'll be staring at them all night.



If you're worried about your deodorant not making it through the night, grab one of those Yankee Candles your mom keeps in the bathroom.



Scared to dance in public? Politely request that the DJ play an audiobook instead.



STAMPS

WE'D LIKE TO SEE

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

Being left at the altar is no excuse to leave Aunt Pattie waiting for a thank you card! Your marriage might be over, but you'll love these stamps till death do you part.



VINTAGE BIG TOP UH-OH'S

Step right up! We've got the best never-before-seen circus moments right here!



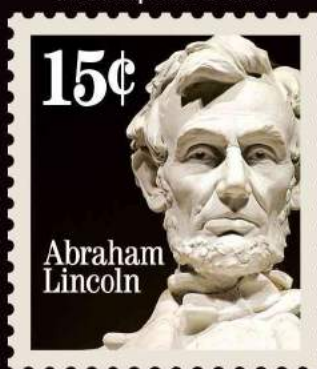
NOT-SO-HOT RODS

Once the envy of every driver on the road, this rusted-out death trap is now home to a family of raccoons!



SALUTE TO LOWER POSTAGE

For the low, low price of \$45.95, be whisked back to a time when stamps were 15 cents!



JUST EMAIL ME!

It's 2019 and nan still doesn't have email. Drop a hint that you'd like her to join this century with this tastefully passive-aggressive statement.

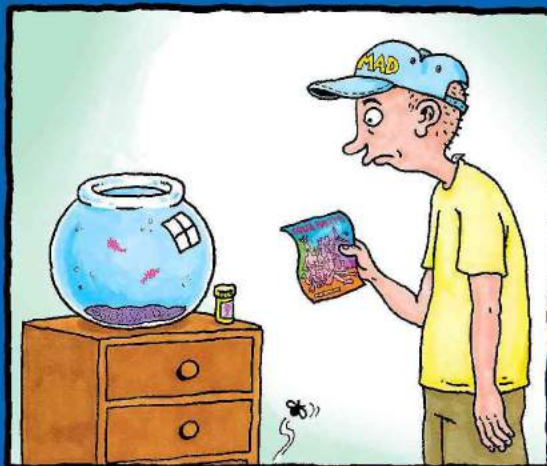
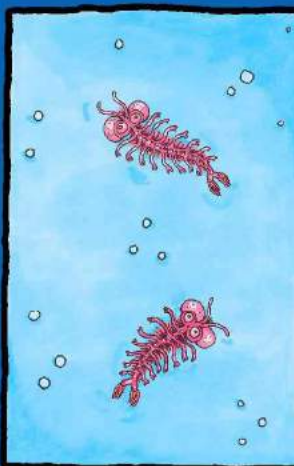
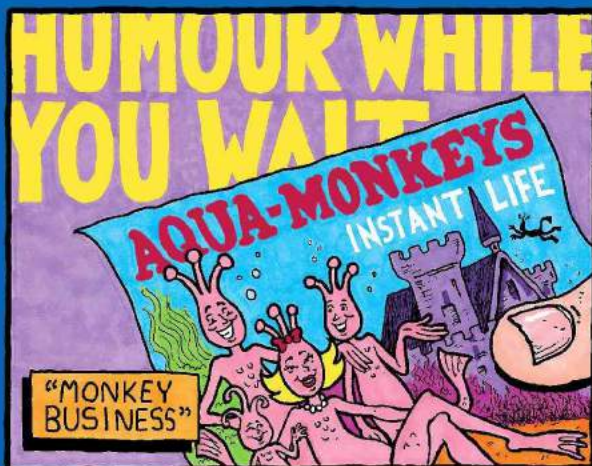


C'EST LA VIE

Tell friends and family across the world, "Hey, we're all in this together."



WRITER **JEFF KRUSE**
ARTIST **SARAH CHALEK**



WRITER & ARTIST **KYLE BRIDGETT**



"NOW ALL WE NEED IS A BODY,"

WRITER & ARTIST P.C. VEY



"Fellas - I'm making my move."

WRITER & ARTIST
LARS KENSETH

THE BAD ROOMMATE

WRITER ARIE KAPLAN

ARTIST DAVID DEGRAND

Hey, you're back! Welcome to the rave!

Can you wake me up if I sleep through my 4am alarm?

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! Oooof. Okay. Aura cleansed.

Do you want me to die of dehydration? Then give me the shower for the next three days.

Your boyfriend came by and I told him it's over. You're too good for him.

Let me know if you find my Diva Cup? Last time I saw it, it was full.

You should thank me. Those books I KonMari'd were a fire hazard.

That stain on the couch? Hmm. I'm gonna say...Nutella.

Wear boots. My solution to the rodent problem escaped...

I got a job interview! Can you pee in this for me?





DEMEANED IN DES MOINES

I've been reading MAD for over 50 years, and know that MAD strives for accuracy and truth.

I was surprised, therefore, to see two glaring errors on the cover of the Feb. 2019 issue, No. 5.

Donald Trump is shown with a much flatter abdomen and much larger bulge in his underpants than the public knows to be real. Is this your attempt to put him in a better light, or was it an oversight?

Mark Lindahl,
Des Moines, IA

Snarky Mark—Hey, that's our president you're talking about! Did you also notice his perfectly proportionate (if not slightly large) hands? Our Dear Leader is an ideal physical specimen who is beyond reproach, much like his contemporaries in North Korea and Mother Russia. He is also smart, brave, honest, merciful, and tenacious, and you should be very careful about criticizing him, because he is literally 50 feet tall.

—Alex Taffer,
MAD Intern and
Chief Letter Answerer

SAY "UNCLE"! ZAK WARD'S IN-OFFICE VISIT

I grew up treating my big brother like he farted gold. (He didn't, but he did light them on fire, which was better than 70's TV). He was my hero and he read MAD Magazine. Of course, he wouldn't let me read his copies until he'd finished. Only then was I allowed to touch the treasured remains.

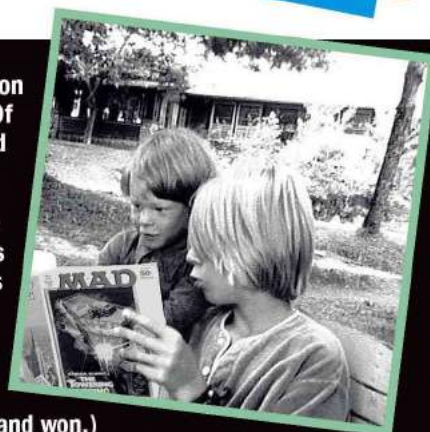
In the summer of '75, there was no greater joy than reading over his shoulder, laughing at Sergio Aragonés cartoons or "oooh"ing over the Fold-Ins while slurping Freezies or making a mess out of a Choco Taco. It's because of him, Carson Thaddeus Foster, that I fell in love with MAD and became an actor. (He argued with our Mom about it and won.)

So when MAD spoofed "A Christmas Story" and turned Scut Farkus into Snot Carcass...the holy grail of brilliantly idiotic, sublime stupidity dubbed us worthy of their sacred pages! Bro, WE MADE IT! One of the greatest experiences in my life is to be included in these these pages as the lovable bully jerk I am, and I share it with my big, goofy-goombah of an older brother.

Thank you, MAD. Thanks, Carson. (Now, light those farts!)

Zack Ward, Los Angeles

We will, Zack. We will. —AT





ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

This issue's Envelope of the Month comes from **Hannah Sabata** in York, Nebraska! *Wolf whistle* That looker in pink has us turning red! We can't put our finger on it, but there's something about that smile that drives us MAD!

A TRANSATLANTIC TRANSFER On a recent trip to Hungary,

I had a layover at the Warsaw airport in Poland. After reading your fine mag there, I left it in a prominent spot for other fools to read. So, if you start getting subscriptions from that part of the world, you can blame me.

Steve Bertolo, Dayton, OH

Sneaky Steve—Warsaw has always been number one on our list of cities for increasing MAD's international circulation. In fact, we booked flights to hand-deliver a few issues, but instead of Poland, we wound up in Warsaw, Missouri. When we arrived, we realized we forgot to pack any issues, so we had nothing to share with either Warsaw, regardless! You may have done some of your part by sharing MAD with the Poles, but now you must take MAD to the Missourians. —AT

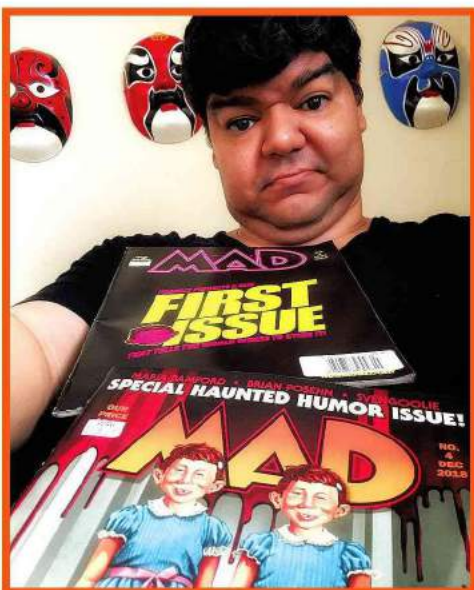
ALFRED LOOK-ALIKE

This issue's look-a-like comes courtesy of

Allie "Neuman" Goertz

who, to the concern of her team, came to work dressed like this out of nowhere. When asked about the getup, she replied, "I wish I knew about tooth paint before I pulled his sucker out!" Fortunately, MAD offers a competitive dental plan!





Greetings from Panama! I'm **Nelson Hernández.**

I am a great admirer, reader, and fan of your magazine! I just got the latest issue today! I'm also a MAD collector, though it's sometimes difficult to have items sent in the mail to Panama. My favorite characters are the spies in "Spy Vs. Spy."

Con mis atentos saludos,
Nelson Hernández, Panama

Notorio Nelson—¡Qué maravilloso que leas la revista MAD en Panamá! Queremos abrir las oficinas sudamericanas de MAD, pero hemos encontrado un problema. Nuestro presidente, el Sr. Trump, ama tanto a MAD que está construyendo un muro para mantenerse MAD para sí mismo. También hemos sospechado que se convirtió en presidente solo para controlar la oficina de correos y, por lo tanto, todos los envíos de recuerdos de "Spy vs. Spy." Algunos dicen que es un hombre muy egoísta, pero lo entendemos. —AT

A PARODY UNIVERSE

To the editors and creators of MAD Magazine,

I really enjoy the content you guys make. I look forward to getting a new magazine every month. I really think you should make a comic about *Rick and Morty*, and share your opinions on the show.

Thanks, **Tanner Colatosti, via email**

Fleeb Cola—Oh, you didn't know? You're actually living in a MAD parody of *Rick and Morty*. Someone is playing the Roy VR game, and right now Roy is playing a game called *Tanner*. This was all explained in an Easter egg hidden in *Morty's Mind Blowers Part 6*, but maybe you...grruk...missed it! PS: This is all also inside a Zygorion simulation, of course. PPS: EVERY month? We'd love to live in the timeline where we're monthly! —AT



REMEMBERS ONLY CLUB

Really enjoyed "It's a Wonderful Death" (Feb. '19 issue). There were many members of the 27 Club. Another was Grateful Dead keyboardist Ron "Pigpen" McKernan (1945-73). He lived 27 years and six months. I've always enjoyed MAD, but especially liked it about 35 or 40 years ago. All the great artists: Woodbridge, Clarke, Berg, to name but a few. I understand Jack Davis died last year; I'll certainly never forget him.

Sincerely, **Gary Kerns, via email**

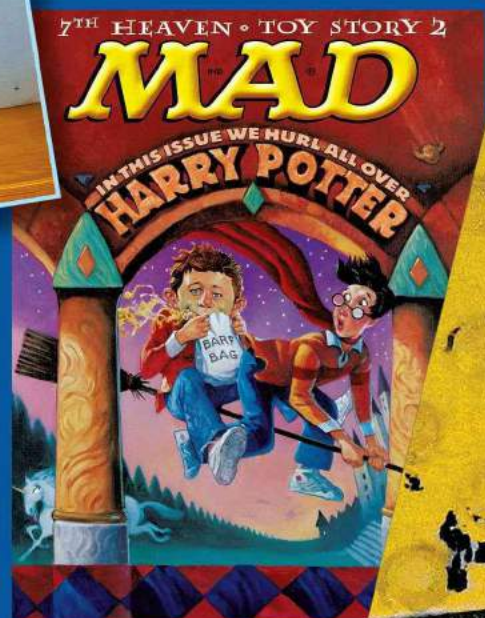
Groovin' Gary—It's true Jack Davis joined the **91 Club** a few years back, and is fondly remembered. Be on the lookout for our forthcoming comic, "**The 28 Club**," starring popular music's Tim Buckley, Avicii, and the Big Bopper. And if you haven't read it already, please check out "**The 26 Club**," featuring Otis Redding, Gram Parsons, Nick Drake, and Mac Miller. (Apparently women are only allowed in the 27 Club.) —AT

ACCIO LOWBROW!



Dear MAD,
For the month of December '18 at the Plainview-Old Bethpage Public Library, I put on display the Richard Williams original cover painting from MAD #391, in which Harry Potter gets his comeuppance. Instead of the usual "highbrow" displays at the library, I'm glad that, for once, they went "lowbrow" by displaying a painting of Alfred E. Neuman vomiting into a BARF BAG.

**Robert Cariola
Plainview, NY**



Reference Section Robert—

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted to the letters portion of MAD! We await your owl. (He was supposed to deliver our food hours ago. What gives?!) While many look down on "lowbrow" comedy, you understand that it's humor for the sophisticated! After all, we're featured in your library! —AT

Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

THE MADIFESTO

Dear MAD,

When, pray tell, did your rag become so rough on guys? Has having so many female editors made you forget that not all men are bad? Take me, for instance. I'm such an ally that I'm willing to admit it's possible that, in throwing a tantrum about it, I was almost as bad as the pregnant lady who stole my seat on the subway.

Let's go over my case:

- I was there first. (That was my sweat on the seat.)
- My feet hurt! (I haven't replaced my Nike socks since cutting off the logo.)
- She wasn't **that** pregnant. (Late second trimester, tops!)

I remember how attacked I felt when she asked, with pseudo-deference, "May I please take your seat?" Yes, MY seat. I can't tell you how quickly "Gone Girl" flashed before my eyes. Putting aside my hurt feelings, I helpfully explained that at this stage of pregnancy, she ought to be capable of standing. "It's 2019," I explained, "and you're so much stronger than you realize."

What happened next is a bit of a blur, but I know my crying was justified. "Have you no empathy?" I asked, as some of the seat thief's cronies carried me away. Though, the more I think about it, I wonder whether slapping myself repeatedly in the face while shrieking "THIS IS HOW YOUR DISRESPECT FEELS!" was the right move. While accurate and evocative, it did not foster a constructive dialogue.

And in retrospect, one might credibly argue that I needn't have written and recorded the original rap-rock single "Pregnant Princess Needs a Seat (Give Me a Goddamn Break)" while on the train, nor handed out download cards to all the passengers. Even if I WAS determined to record the song, maybe it shouldn't have had so many curses, or wished scurvy upon her unborn child—who did not himself steal my seat, and is not responsible for his mother's misdeeds.

With the benefit of hindsight, I can acknowledge that my reaction may have been disproportionate, and I am willing to humbly ask forgiveness for my behavior, if the pregnant woman who stole my seat apologizes first.

Sincerely,
Dr. Melvin Roger Allen
Psychology Professor
New York, NY

Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! It's...

REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Tom Salemm**.

Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to realdumb@madmagazine.com! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!

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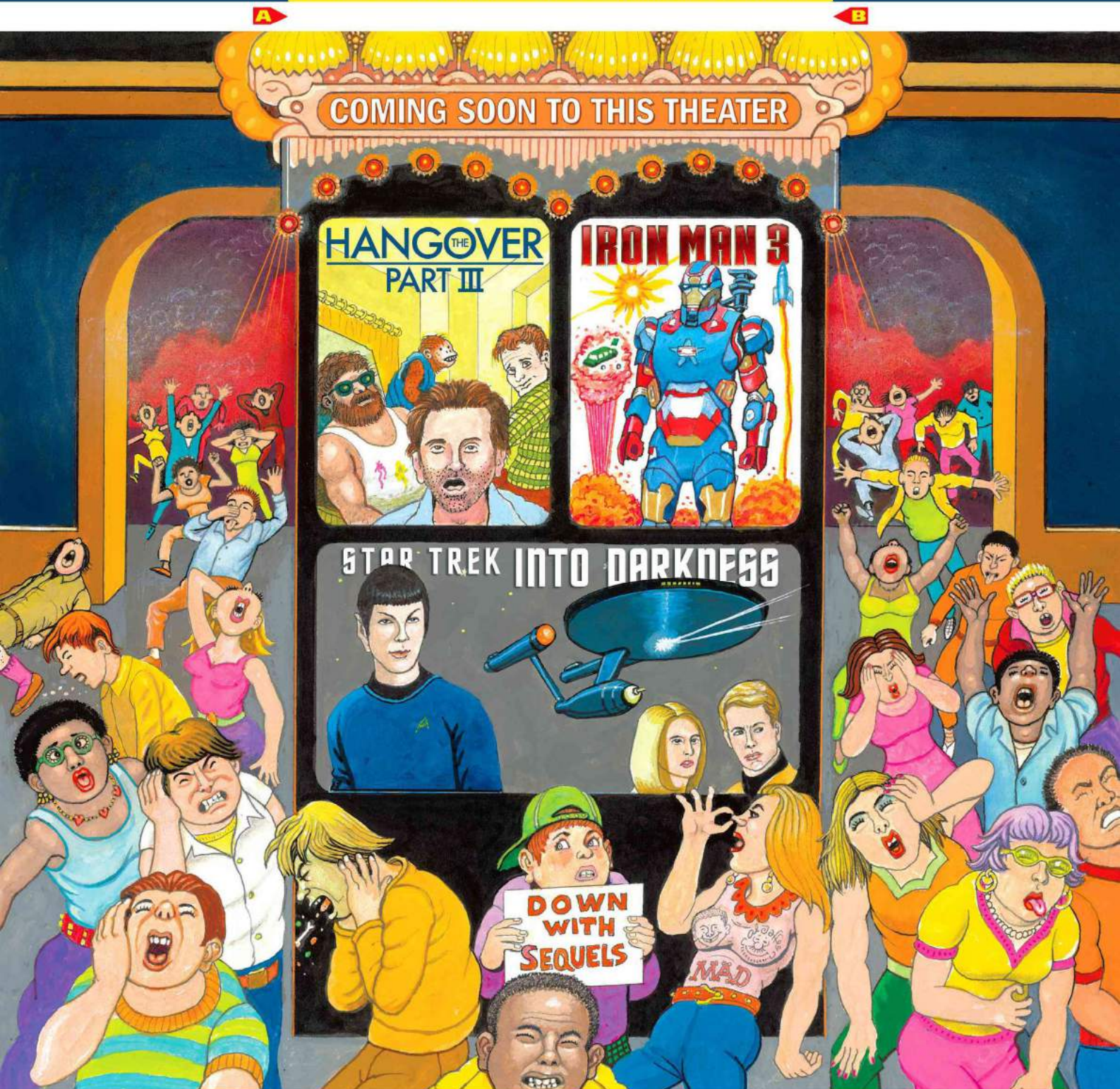
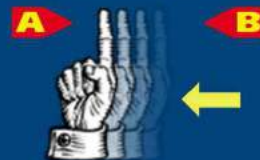
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HAS MANY
PEOPLE SICK TO
THEIR STOMACHS?

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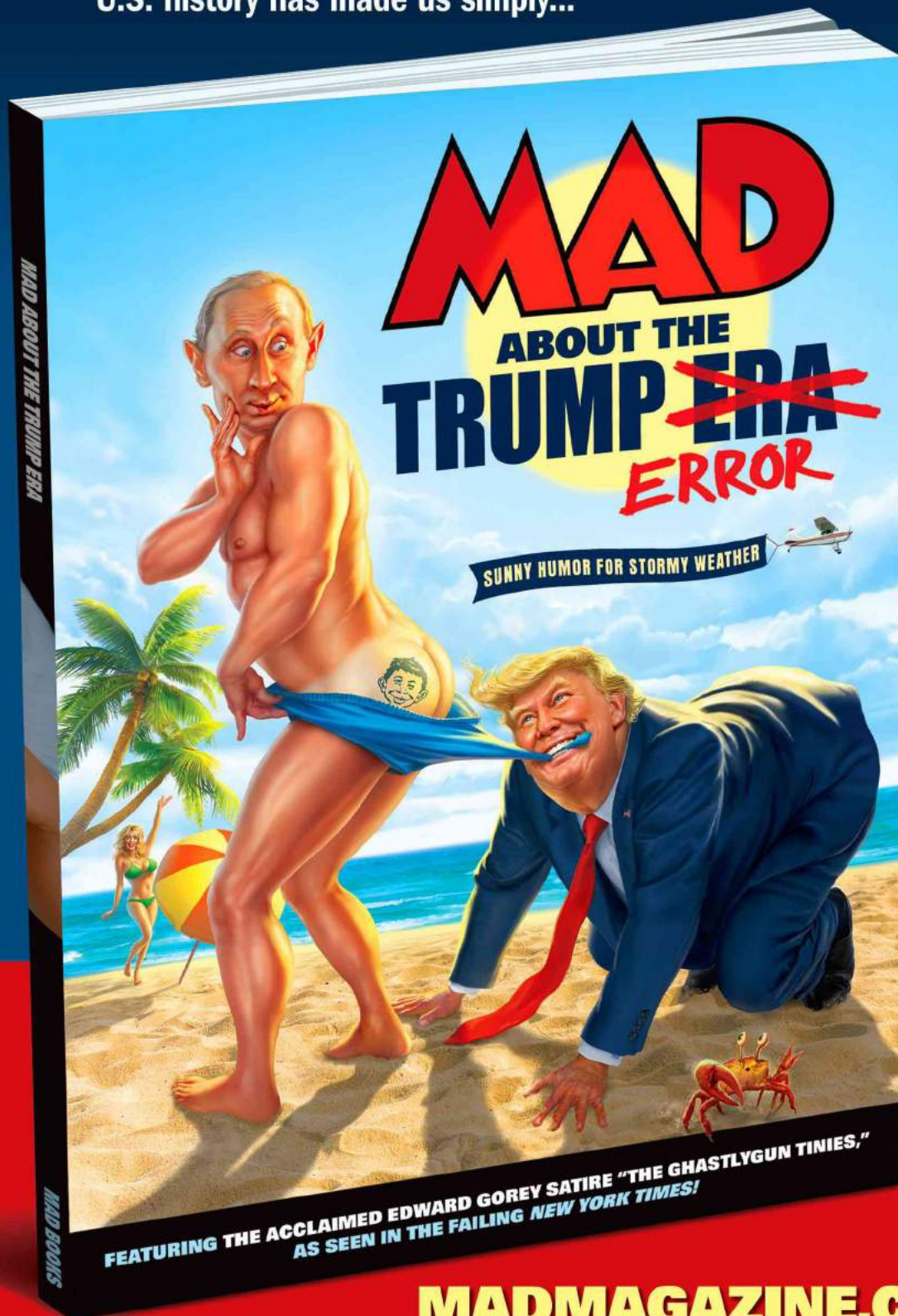


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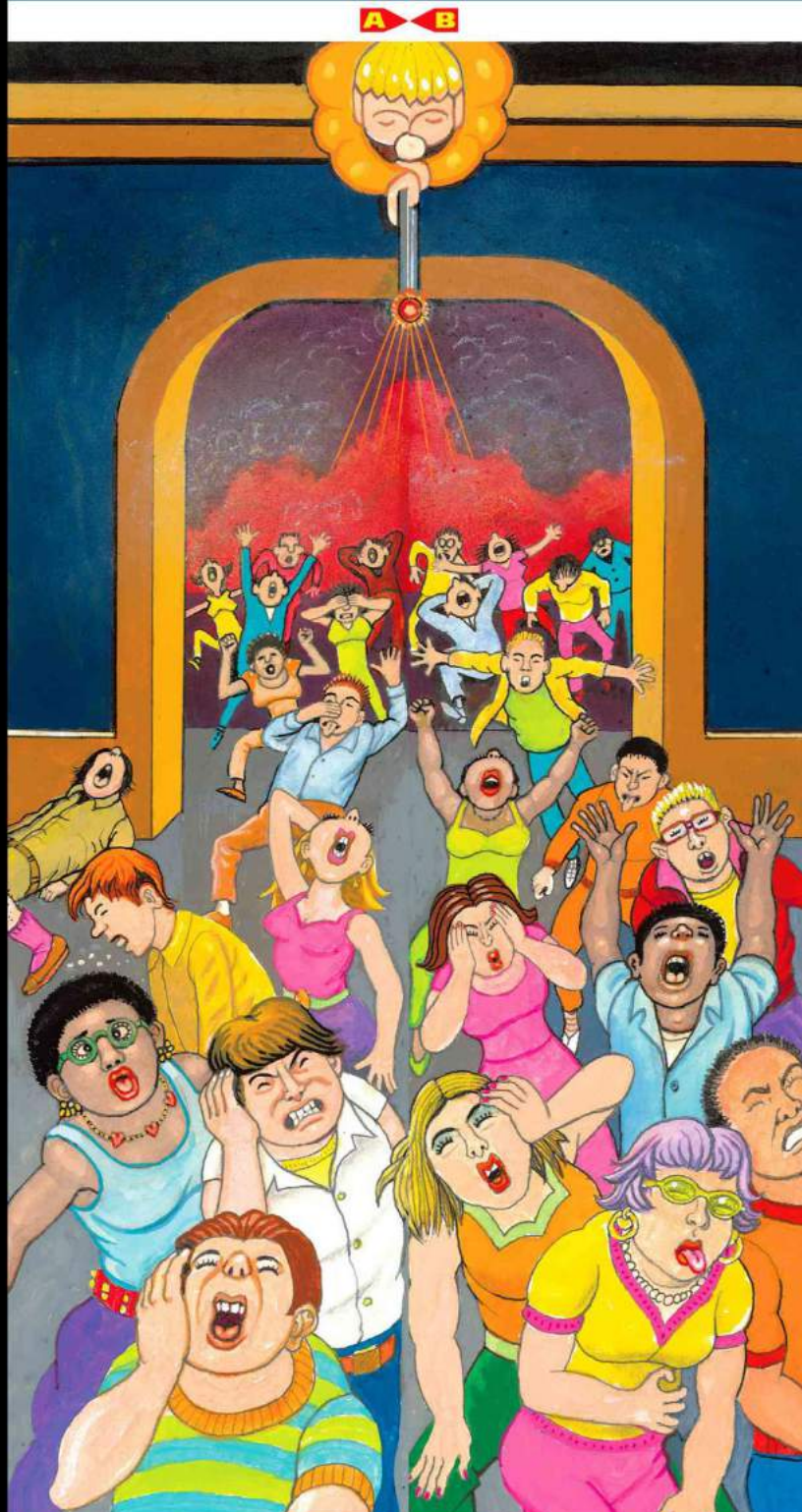
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